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AN

ORATION

DELIVERED AT CONCORD,

ON THE

1775

Celebration of the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary

OF THE

EVENTS OF APRIL 19, 1775,

BY

ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE, AND PUBLISHED
BY THEIR ORDER.

BOSTON:

DUTTON & WENTWORTH, STATE PRINTERS.

1850.

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APRIL 19, 1775.

O R A T I O N

BY

ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.

AND

ACCOUNT OF THE UNION CELEBRATION,

AT CONCORD,

NINETEENTH APRIL, 1850.

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Rantoul, Robert, 1805-1852.

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An oration delivered at Concord, on the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the events of April 19, 1775, by Robert Rantoul, jr. Delivered before the Massachusetts legislature, and published by their order. Boston, Dutton & Wentworth, state printers, 1850.

135 p. 23^{cm}.

"Brief account of the celebration of the nineteenth of April at Concord, 1850": p. 175-132.

A clipping from the Boston daily advertiser, April 19, 1858, containing an editorial on Lexington and Concord, inserted at end.

1. Concord, Battle of, 1775.

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(Waterman pamphlets, v. 104, no. 16)

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN SENATE, APRIL 22, 1850.

ORDERED, That MESSRS. DAWES and THOMPSON, with such as the House may join, be a Committee to request of the Hon. ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr., a copy of the Historical Address, delivered by him at Concord, on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the first battle of the American Revolution, that the same may be printed by the Legislature, with a brief account of the other exercises upon that occasion.

Sent down for concurrence.

CHAS. CALHOUN, Clerk. .

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, APRIL 22, 1850.

Concurred: and MESSRS. HOAR, of Concord, LEEDS, of Boston, BOUTWELL, of Groton, SMITH, of Enfield, and STONE, of Charlestown, are joined.

C. W. STOREY, Clerk.

To the Hon. ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr.

SIR,—The subscribers, the Joint Committee of the Legislature, having enjoyed the high pleasure of listening to the Address delivered by you, before the members of the several branches of the Government, at Concord, on the 19th of April, instant, gladly obey the above order in presenting to you their request.

We trust, sir, that, by a compliance with the wishes of the Legislature, you will afford to those, who had not the privilege of hearing the Address, an opportunity of learning its historical and literary value.

HENRY L. DAWES,
CHARLES THOMPSON,
SAMUEL HOAR,
SAMUEL LEEDS,
ALVIN SMITH,
GEO. S. BOUTWELL,
JAMES M. STONE.

GENTLEMEN,—

I am honored by your communication, this day received, and would readily forward a copy of the Oration, delivered by me at Concord, in compliance with the vote of the Legislature of the Commonwealth, were it not that I have already furnished the manuscript to the Committee of Associated Towns, who, I doubt not, will acquiesce in the arrangement contemplated by the order of the Hon. Senate and House.

Accept my thanks for the very obliging terms in which you have been pleased to express the views of the Legislature. I am, most respectfully,

Your obt. servt.,

Hon. Henry L. Dawes, Charles Thompson, Samuel Hoar, Samuel Leeds, Alvin Smith, Geo. S. Boutwell, James M. Stone, Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

R. RANTOUL, JR.

CONCORD, APRIL 22, 1850.

HON. ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.

Dear Sir,—Pursuant to the unanimous vote of the Committee of Arrangements for the Union Celebration of the events of the 19th of April, 1775, we tender to you the thanks of the towns engaged in the celebration, for the able and interesting Address, delivered by you in this place, on the 19th instant, in commemoration of that glorious birth-day of American Liberty, and request, in their behalf, a copy for publication.

Trusting that you will gratify the earnest desire felt for a perusal of sentiments so worthy and appropriate to the occasion on which they were uttered,

We are, with the highest regard,

Your obliged friends and fellow-citizens,

JOHN S. KEYES, *Chairman*
W. W. WHEILDON, *Secretary*.

BOSTON, APRIL 23, 1850.

GENTLEMEN,—

I place at your disposal, the manuscript of my Address on the 19th instant, agreeably to the request of the Committee of the Associated Towns, before whose inhabitants it was delivered, with my thanks for the kindness expressed in your communication. And have the honor to be,

Most respectfully,

Your obt. serv't,

R. RANTOUL, JR.

Messrs. JOHN S. KEYES, Chairman,

W. W. WHEILDON, Secretary,

of Committee of Arrangements.

APRIL 19, 1775,

ORATION

BY

ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.

AND

Account of the Union Celebration,

AT CONCORD.

NINETEENTH APRIL, 1850.

BOSTON:

DUTTON AND WENTWORTH, PRINTERS,
No. 37, Congress Street,

1850.

O R A T I O N.

THE law by which God governs the universe is a law of progress. The undeveloped capacities of the human intellect, the aspirations of the soul after a higher and better moral state of being, even in the present life, the feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest, sad, but not without hope, which ever urges on the wise and good, after an infinite succession of defeats, to new efforts to remove out of our path the chief evils that continually beset us, all indicate that, in its pilgrimage through weary ages of vicissitudes, the human family has, as yet, no abiding place; that its course is, and must be, onward towards the true destiny in which its faculties are fitted to expand themselves, in their free action, and full enjoyment. The infancy of our race was passed in struggling to escape from physical suffering, while groping in ignorance, groaning under oppression, and shuddering at superstitious terrors. But the stern teachings of this long adversity hardened and confirmed the vigor which they did not crush, so that courage and strength gradually grew out of

the contest, if it did not result in complete victory. We are now in the period of immature youth, and the wisdom above which guides us, and which has led us through many grievous trials, from evil still educating good, has doubtless further, and perhaps greater trials in store for us. As the Apostle Paul declared the heavier yoke of the Mosaic dispensation to be designed for the office of a schoolmaster, to bring its pupils worthily, in the fulness of time, into the light and liberty of the gospel ; so the toils, and hardships, and reverses of many thousand years, are educating mankind for a nobler exercise of God given powers, and the more perfect fruition of the purposes of a nature, created but a little lower than the angels.

There is nothing in the universe that is not subject to change. The stars in their courses have no appointed goal, where they may pause, but in secular, and as yet unmeasured revolutions, steadily wheel, obedient to the original law of their nature. Great moral changes are like the motions of these enormous masses of matter, slow, and guided by unalterable laws : but not like them steady and uniform in their phenomena. Moral advancement proceeds by impulse following impulse, like the several waves of a swelling tide. Between the waves, wide spaces intervene, but no impulse is lost in the sum of contributions to the general flood.

To know what point we have reached, to know whither we are tending, are the two great problems of absorbing interest. To understand and solve them, we investigate the past. No eye can pierce the darkness of the future, except by the aid of those rays which the lamp of experience casts forward to reveal its mysteries.

So inexhaustible is the abundance of the lessons which history affords to the observer, that we are not so much embarrassed to find subjects which deserve and reward careful examination and protracted meditation, as to choose among those which obviously present themselves. The most interesting and instructive epochs of history are those when controlling influences, which have governed, or seemed likely to govern, for a considerable period, the affairs of millions, suddenly terminate, and a new order of things begins. Whether it be the catastrophe of some ancient dynasty, as the Persian before Alexander, or the Bourbon before awakened France; or the downfall of some extensive empire, as of Assyria, or of Rome; or the death agony of national independence, rushing to ruin in a single day of blood, as at Babylon, or Carthage, or Constantinople, or Warsaw; or the struggle of conflicting parties, or systems, decided in the shock of some great battle, and determining for awhile the political aspect of the world, as at Pharsalia, or

Actium, or Marengo, or Waterloo ; or if it be the introduction of some agent, working effects unperceived at first, but afterwards apparent in their magnitude, as gunpowder, the press, the compass, the cotton gin, the use of coal for fuel, or of steam for motive power ; we are irresistibly impelled to inquire into all the circumstances of the change, its causes, how it might have been hastened or postponed, its consequences, how far it was unforeseen and inevitable, or long expected, and the result of genius and energy on the one hand, or folly and imbecility on the other. But when the fortunes of civilization or of liberty hang doubtful in the balance, how inconceivably grand is such an issue. How immeasurably does it transcend all ordinary debate, whether of the academy, the forum, or the battle field. How does such a spectacle rivet the attention of contemporaries ; and excite the curiosity, and command the admiration, of posterity. The poet and the philosopher, the patriot and the philanthropist, the warrior and the statesman, all turn with common enthusiasm towards the spot and the hour, on which the peril passed away, and the salvation of all that is dearest to humanity was secured.

When we hang delighted over the pictured pages of the father of story, and drink in the charm of that old Ionic melody which will never cease to fascinate ingenuous youth, what is the scene at which

we pause and linger with the intensest sympathy, feeling that the Greek cause is indeed our cause? It is when we see that the soldiers of the city states are our champions; that in their discomfiture our liberty, and all true life, must have been struck down forever; and that the achievement of the all-daring few who stood at Marathon, not only brought, for them, glory out of danger, but wrought out also our deliverance.

The great king, Darius, the compeller, as his name in his own language signified, had mustered his myrmidons like a locust cloud: the Ionian colonies were overrun: Delos, the abode of the prophet Deity, shook with an ominous trembling. An empire, that, from the rising to the setting sun, overshadowed with its greatness all the nations of the earth, launched its whole power upon the little disunited democracies of the Greek peninsula. In vengeance for the flames of Sardis, shrines were pillaged and temples burned; havoc swept the land, and the fettered captives were consigned to Persian slavery, far from the native soil they loved so well. Eretria had fallen; Marathon was not far from Eretria, on the invader's way to Athens. Then was manifested the amazing transformation which self-government works when once gained; for while the Greeks were subject to tyrants, they excelled not their neighbors in renown, but when they were

delivered from oppression, they surpassed them all.* Then first the Greeks beheld, without dismay, the dress and armor of the Medes; for before that time, in Greece, the very name of a Mede was a terror.† But now, Datis, with the hordes of Parthia, Babylon, and Egypt, swelling his array, is checked in his career of desolation, by a few Athenians, without archers or cavalry. Freedom had made them heroes. They ran to the charge against the barbarians, and victory flew with them. The astonished satrap thought them mad; but the Athenian and Platean wings closed on his host, and drove them with slaughter to the sea. The city of Minerva, exulting in tumultuous triumph, received her returning Miltiades, radiant with glory, like a god. Not to her alone had he given freedom, and strength, and prosperity, and dominion; he had vindicated for countless coming ages the possibility of a higher and purer civilization. Where would have been architecture and sculpture, the miracles of genius of the age of Pericles and Phidias, and all that their divine simplicity has since inspired of the true and the beautiful, if Asia on that day had prevailed over Europe? Where oratory, and the drama? Where history, and philosophy, and the spirit of freedom that pervaded Greek letters, and from them informed the whole body of Roman literature, and again at

* Herodotus. *Terpsichore*, 78.

† Herodotus. *Erato*, 112.

the revival of learning kindled in the heart of the modern world the long-forgotten love of liberty? This is but an imperfect inventory of the richest bequest ever left by any people to the race; yet this, the heavy levelling wheel of Oriental despotism, if it had once passed over it, would have crushed and buried in oblivion.

Twelve hundred years rolled away after that golden day at Marathon, and again Asia pours into Europe another and fiercer barbaric invasion. Again she threatens to extinguish the flickering torch of science, which, choked by the deadly exhalations of that more than Egyptian midnight that had settled on the world, threw but a gloomy and uncertain gleam over the ruins, broken and scattered by the destroyers who had swarmed from the northern hive. The disciples of the Arabian prophet had propagated his religion, and extended the Moslem empire farther in the first century after his decease, than the Roman vultures had flown in the space of eight hundred years. The Koran, the tribute, or the sword, was the alternative which they offered to the vanquished, after their uncounted victories. From Damascus, the centre of their power, the Crescent shed disastrous twilight over the nations, for two thousand miles, to Benares and the Ganges, in the east; as far as across the breadth of Africa, to the pillars of Hercules and the waves of

the Atlantic in the west. On the 30th of April, 711, Tariff Ben Zeyad crossed from Ceuta to the coast of Spain, and fortified the rock ever since called, from his name, Gibraltar. So strange was the costume and the bearing of his Mauritanian followers, that they seemed like beings dropped from another world. Tariff burned his ships, and with his scimitar opened his way towards Toledo, through a three days sanguinary battle, at Xeres, in which Roderic his royal antagonist was slain ; the degenerate descendants of the warriors of the great Euric were routed, and the Gothic monarchy fell, as indeed it deserved to fall. The fanaticism which made the Saracens invincible, had not yet spent its force. Mohammed had promised to the faithful the kingdoms of the earth for a possession, and they delayed not to enter upon their inheritance. In about twenty years they had subdued all Spain, and half of Gaul, advancing from the rock of Gibraltar, one thousand miles, to the Loire, up the valley of the Rhone and Saone as far as Besançon, dilapidating churches and monasteries, whose ruins still bear witness to their progress, putting to the sword all who could bear arms, but sparing non-combatants, except the "sworn children of the Devil," as they called the monks, on whom they wreaked the frenzied hatred of their new born faith. If the Franks should succumb, neither the Lombards, nor the

Greeks, nor any Teutonic or Sclavonic people could hope to present a more effectual resistance. It would then be easy in comparison with what had already been accomplished, to conquer Germany, Italy, and the Greek empire, and return by way of Constantinople to the Euphrates, thus uniting Europe with Asia and Africa under a sceptre mightier than that of Sesostris, or Alexander, or Trajan, or in after times, Napoleon.

This stupendous enterprise Abdalrahman, Emir of Cordova, had conceived. He gathered the tribes of Yemen and Damascus, Moors, Berbers from beyond Mount Atlas, on their coursers fleet as the wind, and all the Moslem force of Spain. Unquenchable was the zeal raging in the breasts of these miscreants, to wash out their sins in the blood of the Christians, and to win a seat among the Houries, by chrystal fountains, in the gardens of everlasting bliss. The sword is the key of heaven and hell, said the prophet; battle is the gate of paradise. The feet that are covered with dust in the holy war shall never burn in the eternal fire. Say not they die who fall in the holy war: Allah receives them to himself. Their wounds shall bloom resplendent as vermillion, redolent with the fragrance of musk in the day of judgment. These were the promises that lifted their souls above danger, pain, and death; while the dogmas of a religion

breathing fire and carnage, urged them on perpetually to more distant conquests. They who fall in the holy war at home, says one of their sublime doctors, feel no keener pang in death than the sting of a common ant; but to them who fall in the holy war over the sea, death has a sensation like cold water mingled with fresh honey, to a traveller perishing with thirst, in the middle of a burning desert.

Abdalrahman led the soldiers of the crescent across the Pyrenees, took and pillaged Bordeaux, and on the banks of the Dordogne encountered Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, whom he overthrew with a loss so terrible, that in the language of the chronicler, God alone could reckon the number of the slain. Aquitaine and Burgundy were ravaged without resistance, and the devastating torrent reached the environs of Tours. The genius and the battle-axe of one man, Karl, Duke of Austrasia, rescued Christendom in this her hour of extreme peril. With his Franks and Gallo-Romans, Karl met the enemies of the cross between Tours and Poictiers, and there decided the eventful controversy between the religion of the Koran and the faith taught in the gospels.

It was in the month of October, in the year 732, a century complete after the death of Mohammed. The two armies skirmished and manœuvred seven days, before the signal for the deadly strife was

given ; for each knew the strength of his adversary, and felt that no ordinary interests were staked upon the issue. The Austrasian warriors were drawn up in compact ranks ; their formidable stature, covered with breastplates, and bucklers glittering in the sun, presented as it were a wall of steel, impenetrable to the charge. They awaited with admiration the onset of that brilliant oriental cavalry ; wild Berbers, shaggy nomades of the desert, and turbanned Arabs, whose polished cuirasses and bright scimitars flashed fire as they pranced over the field. They joined battle early on the morning of Saturday. The column who formed that day the last bulwark of Christendom, stood like a rock of adamant against which the troops of Moslem horse, like successive billows, dashed themselves and were hurled back in confusion. The long and serried pikes resisted every attack, and the ponderous battle axe of the Germans, the Francisque, shivered the Moorish cuirasses, and hewed-down squadrons. The earth trembled as, with impetuous valor, the Moorish horse thundered on the Christian phalanx, and were as often repulsed. So all day the doubtful war ebbed and flowed till the shades of night suspended the contest ; but not till Abdalrahman and his bravest comrades had fallen beneath the death dealing battle-axe. At daylight, on Sunday, the Franks formed, and cautiously approached the Moslem

tents, to complete the ruin of their enemies; but they found the camp deserted. The survivors of that hard-fought field had fled during the night. Shouts of joy welcomed the discovery. The robbers left behind them the spoils of the cities of the South, and of half the monasteries of France, and the plain so strewed with the dead, that Arab writers call it the pavement of the martyrs. They abandoned Aquitaine forever. Karl and his successors drove them beyond the Pyrenees; and this was the last attempt to make the Mediterranean a lake for the internal intercourse of the all absorbing Saracen Caliphate. Karl was called Martel, or the hammer, after the victory, because he smote the unbelievers, as Thor the God of his heathen ancestors, smites the rebellious deities with that hammer which is the symbol of the Scandinavian Jove.

What would have been the fate of France, of Europe, of Christendom, had the keen scimitar of Abdalrahman cloven the head of Karl Martel in the battle of Tours? We may judge, perhaps, by measuring the degradation and the slavery of Egypt, Persia, Syria, and Turkey. Without a special and miraculous interposition, Christianity would have given place to Mohammedanism. No Italian republics would have sprung into life beneath the iron yoke of Caliphs and Emirs. The genius of Italian literature was cradled on the stormy sea of liberty.

The fine arts, through the whole period of their perfection, were the exponents of Christianity. Where are the Dante, the Ariosto, or the Milton of the Moslem faith? Where is the Michael Angelo, or the Raphael, of Bagdad, or of Teheran? Where the Handel of Cairo, or Aleppo? Poetry is dumb, and music soulless, and painting hath no charm under the brutalizing superstition, into which the doctrine of the Koran, after its first outburst of frantic ferocity, has finally subsided. Strike with such a paralysis the mind of Europe, and the starry Galileo would have lived to other woes than those of too much science. No Vasco would have explored the adventurous passage to the realms of fabulous wealth in India or Cathay. No Columbus would have given a new world to Castile and Leon, a refuge for the oppressed, room for disenthralled man to grow to the full stature of intellectual and moral greatness. No Guttemberg would have given to truth the thunder tones with which she shakes the world. The genius of mechanical invention would not have fettered the most potent of the demons, steam, chaining him to the wheel, to toil at the task work of many millions, under the supervision of a few trusty sentinels. Commerce would not have spread her white wings, like an angel of peace, over every ocean; enriching, enlightening, blessing, wherever she smiles, and brightening daily

every link in the golden chain of universal brotherhood. Abdalrahman had planted himself like a hungry lion in the path of human progress. Karl Martel lifted his stalwart arm, and smote the grim Paynim with his heavy Francisque. The way is open: humanity passes on.

I have described a crisis, imminent, passing away, and again recurring, in which the mother country of certain new systems of thought waged an exterminating war against the ideas that were her own offspring. The South Western peninsula of Asia, enclosed by the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, the Euxine, and the Caspian, with a slight auxiliary influence from Egypt, is the source whence flowed into Europe all the notions, social, political, religious, which she has received from abroad for more than three thousand years. The seeds of Greek science were confessed by the Greeks to have been imported, but they germinated rapidly and flourished more luxuriantly than in their native soil. When the Great King ordered his satraps to root out the plant, all the nations of the mother country of science followed in their train to enforce the sentence. God be thanked that sooner or later comes a day of emancipation from mother countries. The mind of Greece was free, and had been from her infancy. A few reluctant states yielded the tribute demanded; but the little republics scattered along

the coast, who, "with sunny scorn," flung defiance at the feet of the monarch, were strong enough to withstand and ultimately to shatter the great empire of the age.

Greek freedom thus secured, Greek civilization soon culminated. It did a great work; but, in its best estate, it was far from sufficing for the wants of man. There was needed a system less selfish, more spiritual; rules and principles of action for a loftier standard of human duty than even the sublimest morality of the Greek philosophers; affections more comprehensive than the narrow patriotism of a Greek city.

The same Asiatic peninsula supplied these wants. It sent forth into a world benighted in idolatry, the sacred volume of Hebrew literature, impressed on every page, blazing in characters of living light, with the great central truth of all later faiths and revelations, THE UNITY OF THE DIVINE BEING. This idea informed thinking minds, and penetrated the frame work of society, to a much greater depth than is commonly supposed, before the Christian era. But it is not to be found in Europe until it has circulated for some centuries in Asia. The laws and records of Moses, himself of an Asiatic race, educated in Egypt, were reduced to writing in the Arabian desert, and promulgated among the inhabitants of a corner of Syria, ages before the light

of this truth shone on Europe; and though the Jewish local and ritual laws made but few converts beyond their own tribes, yet the transforming fact, that there is one Creator, Preserver and Judge, must have disseminated itself among candid inquirers wherever the genius of emigration impelled that restless people. Then issued from Palestine that mission of mercy which taught men that they were children of one father, and heirs of one destiny. Through the broad Roman empire it vindicated its triumphant progress, consoling the slaves of the Neros and Caracallas, breathing life into the bosom of despair, cheering with immortal hope the habitations of the dark places of the earth, which were full of cruelty.

After six hundred years the mother country of the Jewish and Christian religions had apostatized from the worship of the Prince of Peace, and obeyed the apostles of that prophet who was called the Son of the Sword. Then rushed the frenzied fanatics of Arabia, Persia, Syria, what is now Turkey, and Egypt, across Christian Africa, blotting out from her history thenceforth the faith, and the very name of Christ, and with the same fell purpose upon Europe, hurried on that terrible irruption which penetrated a thousand miles, to be wrecked upon the heavy shields and firm set pikes of the Franks before Tours.

Another thousand years rolled on, and again transplanted principles have taken deep root, and blossomed luxuriantly, and again the arm that planted is stretched forth to eradicate them. Of these, one is democratic freedom; which, nourished in a propitious soil, had shot up vigorously. Its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; its leaves were for the healing of the nations. The inhabitants of the land rejoiced in its shelter and fruit. The inhabitants of other lands hailed its glorious promise, and longed for that blessed shelter to reach their borders. Britain, fair mother of a hundred states,—*filia pulchrior*,—is the mother of one far excelling her own matronly beauty; and the anticipated rivalry of the daughter, with all the light and life of youth to witch a wondering world, could not fail to arouse the jealousy of a parent unwilling to fancy that she must ever cease to reign supreme in the admiration of all beholders.

Great Britain had elaborated, through wars of barons against the crown, and matured and perfected, through the reciprocating motion of rebellion on one side, and the headsman's axe on the other, a superior form of aristocratic liberty. When she had done this, she had accomplished her mission. The incubus of Conservatism palsied her endeavors after anything better. A regenerating revolution convulsed one whole generation of the people of

that island. It tantalized them with rainbow promises ; yielded nothing but the bitterness of hope deferred, and at last turned and went backward : thick brooding darkness settled on the prospects of popular freedom. The fellow-patriots of Hampden, and the fellow-soldiers of Cromwell, who gave to England all the liberty she yet enjoys, beyond mere feudal privileges, disappointed in the reformation of church and state for which they had risked their lives, left behind them, not their mother country only, but abuses too inveterate to be redressed ; her institutions incurably vicious, which sacrificed the general welfare to the interest or caprice of the few. They followed into this new world wilderness the pilgrim pioneers, never doubting that they should realize here the beatific vision which still reigned in their hearts, though it had mocked so often their fond, impatient expectations, THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH,—“the holy city coming down from God out of heaven, beautiful as a bride adorned for her husband.”¹ They brought with them the doctrines that the people are the source of power, and cannot be taxed without their own consent, and that the private Christian is amenable only to his own conscience, and his Maker, for his worship and his faith. They brought with them equality, self-respect, self-control, fraternity ; and that which guar-

¹ Dr. Cooper's sermon on the commencement of the Constitution, Oct. 25th, 1780.

anted all these, courage hardened in adversity, and the Puritan spirit of resistance against every encroachment on their rights.

For more than a century and a half after the arrival of the Mayflower, the little democratic communities, the towns of New England, had been schools of mutual instruction in individual freedom and local independence. Long and desperate struggles with the savages and the French had made the colonists self-reliant. The management of their common colonial affairs, and the discussions in their representative assemblies, had given them administrative experience, and developed the instinct of organization, and legislative capacity. Upon the dissolution of the political bands which united them to Great Britain, they could trust confidently not to fall into anarchy, but to enter upon a new career of regulated liberty as free and independent states. To this however they did not aspire, until the usurpation, by the mother country, of their acknowledged rights as Englishmen, forced upon them the alternative of political slavery, or national independence.

France had been driven from the North American continent, and the Indians on this side of the Alleghanies had ceased to be formidable, before Great Britain began to regard the colonies as a magnificent field whence to reap a future harvest of revenue. The opportunity was too tempting, the an-

ticipated plunder too vast for ministerial virtue, when Boston could truly boast that its own trade had done much to raise the British empire to its existing height of opulence and splendor,¹ and when Burke could demonstrate to the commons of the realm, that the colonies furnished already a full moiety of the wealth which commerce poured into the coffers of the haughty mistress of the seas.² It is no wonder then that the British government, feeling power and forgetting right, would not relinquish without a struggle her attempt to impose the burden of unconstitutional taxation upon the Colonies. Nor is it extraordinary, when we consider the material out of which the rising states were built up, that the attempt should have met every where renewed and obstinate resistance, and should have ultimately miscarried. The rash financial empiricism of Lord North and his besotted master, the arbitrary coercive acts of parliament, and the bayonets of Gage had encountered the indomitable steadfastness of the Puritan stock, too stubborn to bend under the heaviest pressure of tyranny.

The lofty and vehement eloquence of James Otis, vivid as that electric fire which summoned his troubled soul to its final peace, had kindled in every breast the genial flame of liberty. The Junius Bru-

¹ Vote of Boston, May 18, 1774.

² Speech on Conciliation, March 22, 1775.

tus of our history, that sturdy and incorruptible Puritan, Samuel Adams, not over well supplied with funds, but richer than king George and all his minions,—for there was not gold enough in the British empire to buy him,—had awakened the great heart of the democracy of this continent, and made it throb responsive to his own. For his transparent integrity and self-denying virtue, for his sound judgment and manly energy, they loved and trusted, respected and followed him. The merchant prince, John Hancock, rallied the classes, whose pursuits depended on commerce, fiercely indignant at the shackles which the genius of monopoly, stretching her leaden sceptre three thousand miles across the ocean, had imposed upon their industry. The majestic dignity and lion port with which John Adams confronted power, wielding in his country's cause the weapons of an oratory like that, which

“Shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne,”

riving, with the thunderbolts of his genius, the miserable sophistries of the apologists of tyranny, inspired with his own confidence, and firm resolve, his admiring countrymen. The chivalrous Warren, the most illustrious of the proto-martyrs, whose souls cried from beneath the altar, how long! until America had declared, and consummated, and se-

cured her Independence; he who watered with his blood the monumental heights where yonder shaft bears eternal witness to the high tragedy enacted at its base, was instant in season and out of season, to rouse, inform, combine, confirm the patriots on whom devolved the giant work of revolution. His fervid ardor awoke dormant enthusiasm, and breathed new life into flagging zeal exhausted by efforts beyond its nature to sustain,—“the fiery virtue roused, from under ashes, into sudden flame,”—and fanned the rising conflagration, none more indefatigably, none more successfully.

The determined posture which, under the guidance of these worthies, the country had assumed, was not without well wishers on the other side of the Atlantic. The oppressed of other lands watched for the halting of the tyrant; for they knew that conquest over us would rivet their chains; while our successful repulse of the impending invasion, and vindication of our birthright from aggression, would light up for them, as it were, a pillar of fire by night, to lead them through darkness out of bondage. Far-seeing men, themselves placed by the accidents of rank or fortune above subjection to the immediate and personal evils of misgovernment, no less looked anxiously for the triumph of principles fraught with the redemption of humanity from the accumulated wrongs and miseries of ages.

The philosophic monarch of Prussia, the great Frederic, left behind him the record of his approbation of the first movement towards the extermination of kingcraft; a movement, all the ultimate consequences of which, he probably had not estimated. Holland and France sympathized deeply with us, as the event afterwards proved. Ireland, from her rack of never-ending torture, sent up to heaven in our behalf her heartfelt intercessions. Even in England, philosophy and liberality, and whatever elements of freedom the British constitution contained, were all enlisted in the cause of the colonies. In the Commons house of Parliament, Burke, and Barre, and Fox, the wisdom, and wit, and genius of that awful assemblage, waged incessant war, for us, against the creatures of executive misrule; and night after night, advanced, like a forlorn hope, to storm the impregnable ministerial benches. Even among the Lords, talent was on our side. Chatham was not the only peer who rejoiced that America had resisted:¹ and the duke of Grafton, abandoning the administration, wrote to Lord North, that, “the inclinations of the majority of persons of respectability and property in England, differed in little else than words, from the declarations of the Congress.” After the sword was drawn, and the contest waxed hot, the choicest spirits of

¹ January 14th, 1766. Pitt in the House of Commons.

Europe rushed to engage in it. The soil which they fought to emancipate, covers the bones of Pulaski and De Kalb. Kosciusko served here his apprenticeship to freedom ; in whose name he defied death when slaughter revelled over the ruins of Warsaw. The early friend of Washington, the adopted child of America, the apostle of universal liberty, the lamented of both worlds, the great and good Lafayette, breaking from the lap of prosperity, and deserting the home of domestic felicity, spurning all obstacles, and breasting every danger, in the bloom of youth devoted himself like Hannibal, and swore upon the altar of human rights eternal hatred to every form of tyranny.

With such leaders at home, and such friends abroad, the disparity was still fearful between the parties ranged in arms. Massachusetts, before the colossal proportions of the parent state, showed like the youthful champion of Israel arrayed against the Philistine of Gath ; yet the stripling defied the giant. It is the first collision between the hostile powers, absolutism on the one side, liberty on the other, the spirit of the past and the spirit of the future, that we have this day met to commemorate,—a custom honored in the observance and deserving to be perpetuated.

If those who live under governments in which the subjects have no share, can feel a patriotic in-

terest in the commemoration of the victories that have illumined their annals, much more may we, a self-governing, sovereign people, exult in our joint inheritance of joy and pride. If the battles, in which the selfish ambition of rivals for power has deluged every corner of the earth in fraternal blood, are held in everlasting remembrance by the posterity of the victors, to keep alive the national spirit and to nourish that enthusiasm, which, blind and preposterous as it may sometimes be, is yet the strongest safeguard of a nation's honor, union, and independence, how much rather should we embalm in our hearts an act of self-sacrificing devotion, unsullied with any mixture of sordid interest,—an act which stands, and must forever stand, alone, in its original, unapproachable sublimity! The blasts which have rung loudest and most frequent from the trumpet of fame, have ever pealed in honor of mere vulgar slaughters,—an unavailing and a lavish waste of life, over which pure philanthropy could only weep. How delightful is the contrast of our American jubilees, when our grateful anthems ascend in devout thanksgivings to Him who inspired the founders of American independence to erect for themselves that ever-during monument,—a work which, as it had no model, though it may be often imitated, will have no equal, forever peerless in its solitary grandeur.

If there be any event in the history of the world, that any nation is called upon to celebrate, the birth day of a free and mighty empire presents the strongest claim to this distinction. "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" was the memorable exclamation of Samuel Adams, while, as himself, and his brother in proscription as well as in patriotism, John Hancock, in their concealment anxiously awaited the event of the well known enterprise of British confidence, volley after volley of distant musketry broke upon the ear, and told but too plainly that the vengeance of the mightiest empire in the world was let loose upon her feeble colony of Massachusetts Bay. It was the exclamation of more than Roman patriotism; it expressed the stern joy springing from a higher feeling,—an unshaken trust in that overruling Justice to which Pagan Rome could only look up with dim and doubtful hope.

Was the dawn of the 19th of April, 1775, a glorious morning? He, whose heart pronounced it glorious, knew that it was the moment of a great crime. British subjects were murdered by British arms. Even while he spoke, the story was all too audible, that the brother was imbruining his hands in the blood of the brother. The first martyrs in a holy cause, choice spirits of the youthful yeomanry of Middlesex and Essex, on that day rendered in

their testimony. The deeds of that day gave earnest, which the issue did not falsify, that

“British fury, rankling for revenge,
With Ate at her side, come hot from hell,
Should, in our confines, with a monarch’s voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.”

Not war only, oh my friends, with whose fell visage they had grown familiar from their childhood, threatened our fathers; not French or Indian hostilities, for which they could with composure make ready preparation; but war in a new and more fearful character, civil war, the direst scourge that ever tormented long-suffering humanity. Yes, in the first shot fired at Lexington they recognized the promise, how truly fulfilled, that British wrath, in desolation, blood, and fire, should sweep the vast continent from Maine to Georgia.

Why then was the morning of the first banquet of civil slaughter a glorious morning? What were the omens that could brighten this gloomy future? What rapturous vision of reward tempted them to wade cheerfully through that sea of blood into which they that day stepped exulting? Were they courting fame, or power, or wealth, or popularity, for themselves, and willing to pave the way to their purpose with the myriads of heads that must be laid in the dust? Were they conjuring up the spirit of a terrible revolution, that they might ride

in the whirlwind and direct the storm it would create? Nothing of all this found any place among their motives. They did not belong to that class of men concerning whom it is necessary to inquire what profit recommends their acts of virtue.

They were never trained to pace in trammels, nor tempted by the sweets of preferment to sacrifice freedom to the servile restraints of ambition; and, from this circumstance, could feel a comfort which no external honors could bestow. Hancock and Adams belonged to the class of Plutarch's men,—the higher order of politicians described by Lord Bacon; their minds “endued with a true sense of the frailty of their persons, the casualty of their fortunes, and the dignity of their soul and vocation; so that it is impossible for them to esteem that any greatness of their own fortune can be a true or worthy end of their being and ordainment, and therefore are desirous to give their account to God, and so likewise to their masters under God, the states that they serve, not as unprofitable servants; whereas, the corrupter sort of mere politicians, that have not their thoughts established in the love and apprehension of duty, nor ever look abroad into universality, do refer all things to themselves, and thrust themselves into the centre of the world, as if all lines should meet in them and their fortunes, never caring, in all tempests, what becomes of the

ship of state, so they may save themselves in the cockboat of their own fortunes ; whereas, men that feel the weight of duty, and know the limits of self-love, use to make good their places and duties though with peril."

The zeal of these two pioneers of the revolution was disinterested, for the rebellion put all to hazard that they had or might expect. A lucrative commerce annihilated, the sources of Hancock's income were largely cut off ; in the defeat of the colonists, the confiscation of his estates must have followed ; and even to their success, his destruction seemed at one time to be necessary. When it was contemplated to bombard Boston during the seige, he cheered on the attempt, though it would reduce his property to ashes. Neutrality in the contest that was coming on would have replenished the coffers of Samuel Adams ; but he was as inaccessible to seduction as Phocion or Aristides, and lived and died in honorable duty.

If popularity, fame, or influence, had charms for these daring rebels, a safe and easy path was open before them. The lavish munificence of Hancock's private life, his hospitality, free as the air and liberal as the sun, his affability in social intercourse and the urbanity of his carriage, fitted him to be a universal favorite ; and, with his facility in business and knowledge of character, if joined to the

favor of the government, must have formed a most powerful combination. The unostentatious habits, unbending austerity, and indefatigable activity of Samuel Adams, could not fail to command respect and influence, upon different but no less certain principles. Office was within his reach, if he had deigned to accept it; but Gov. Hutchinson, in a letter, has told us why he was not silenced by it:—"Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man," said his excellency, "that he never can be conciliated by any office or gift whatever,"—a tribute characteristic of him who had maintained, on receiving his second degree at Harvard, in 1743, that it was "lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved," with the same sincere zeal with which he practiced the thesis. When Gen. Gage, after the battle, offered a pardon to all the other rebels, they had the honor to be the two sole exceptions, their offences being "of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment."

The prospect before Hancock and Adams, on the ever-glorious nineteenth of April, was, to be soon proclaimed traitors; and if the giant despotism they had provoked crushed the incipient rebellion, as the world looking on expected, that then their ghastly heads would frown from Temple bar, and

their blasted names be bequeathed to eternal infamy, both in the old world and the new,—triumphant tyranny having silenced the voice of truth, justice, and patriotism. The “condign punishment” denounced against these champions of the constitutional rights of Englishmen involved atrocities too horrible to be alluded to here;¹ it was an exhibition from which a heathen spectator might naturally infer, that, not the dove, but the vulture, was the emblem of Christianity. It had been first inflicted on an unfortunate patriot guilty of the precise crime of Hancock and Adams, David, Prince of Wales, who, in the eleventh year of Edward I, expiated, by a cruel death, his fidelity to the cause of his country’s independence. At a grand consultation of peers of the realm it was agreed that London should be graced with his head, while York and Winchester disputed for the honor of his right shoulder. In a few years, other Welsh chiefs suffered the fate of their prince. This unseemly precedent, adopted in the flush and insolence of victory, then assumed the venerable form of law, and fell next upon the undaunted William Wallace, who nobly died in defence of the liberties and independence of his country, exhibiting to the delighted city of London a terrible example of Edward’s ven-

¹ “Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, e’er it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale.”

geance. Such was the beginning of that law of treason, which, originating in the year 1283, continued in force for more than five centuries, as if to warn mankind how easily the most execrable example may be introduced, and with what difficulty a country is purified from its debasing influence. Why should I single out illustrious victims of these rites of Moloch? The ever-hallowed names in the perennial pages of British glory, you may read them in the attainted catalogue of arrant traitors. Long after the ashes of Welch independence were quenched in the blood of a native prince, ages after the spirit of Scottish liberty was roused, not crushed, by the ignominious butchery of Wallace; More and Fisher, learning and piety, Russell and Sidney, integrity and honor, were sacrificed upon the scaffold of treason, beneath the axe of arbitrary power. These lessons of history might have taught our Hancock and Adams, that the holy cause to which they were devoted, purity of motive, and a character untouched by any shaft of calumny, were not pleas in bar to a British indictment for treason.

Why, then, we may well ask again, was the prospect of coming perils glorious to the eye of far-seeing patriotism? For the high prize that could be won by none but souls tempered to pass through the intervening agony; who, for the joy that was set before them, could endure the cross and despise

the shame,—Liberty, the life of life, that gladdens the barren hill-tops of Scotland and Switzerland, and loved New England ; that makes the sun shine brightly in our cold northern sky ; that makes the valleys verdant in blithesome spring, and sober autumn laugh in her golden exuberance ; that nerves the arm of labor, and blesses the couch of repose ; that clothes with strength our sons, and our daughters with beauty,—Liberty, in whose devotion they were nursed ; which their fathers had bequeathed to them, a legacy to be handed down unimpaired, through ourselves, to their and our latest posterity ; to which they clung through life, and which inspired the patriotism that could freely testify, to die for one's country is a joy and a glory.¹

Young freedom had ever been consecrated by the baptism of blood. Sparta and Athens, Holland and the mountain-girt Swiss, proud Albion and regenerated France, bought at a cheap purchase, with the lavish expense of their best lives, the rights which they enjoyed. Adams and his compatriots, on the day we have met to celebrate, knew that liberty must be, as it ever had been, a life-bought boon ; that only by a mortal struggle could it be wrested from the grasp of power ; and that nothing but perpetual vigilance, resolved to do, and dare, and suffer all things, rather than surrender it, could

¹ “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”—Warren in answer to Gerry.

guarantee the long possession of the blessing afterwards. They had counted the cost, and chose the purchase.

Glorious, thrice glorious was the morning; then, when the first shot fired at Lexington gave the signal of separation, of a free and independent empire, from its parent state. The nineteenth of April, and the seventeenth of June, both on the classic ground of the world's freedom, this County of Middlesex, cut out the work for the fourth of July,—world-emancipating work,—which the achievements of the heroes of the uprising of America, and the Titanic labors of the transatlantic sons of revolution, yet agitate and roll on towards its grand completion. Middlesex possesses this imperishable glory, before which the lustre of the brightest victories, won in battles between contending tyrants, turns pale. Her children claim a common property in the trophies of these two memorable days; they walk together in the light of these two glowing beacon-fires, kindled on that stormy coast where liberty has taken up her eternal abode, to illuminate, with the cheering radiance of hope, her benighted pilgrims, who can look nowhere else for hope but to this western world.

In her affluence of glory, Middlesex can afford to be generous. She would not monopolize with local jealousy the fame of the great deeds that astonished

and startled the repose of the age of Hancock and Adams, and ushered in the stupendous changes of the era of Mirabeau and Napoleon. In that inheritance of glorious recollections, garnered up by our revolutionary fathers, of which Massachusetts enjoys the undisputed possession, the three Northeastern Counties claim each a peculiar share.

It was Boston that thwarted the scheme of colonial taxation, under the guise of commercial regulations, when she hurled into the sea the intended instrument of her slavery. It was Boston, whose streets were stained with massacre, making every ear that heard it, tingle, but never shaking her unconquerable constancy. It was Boston that especially provoked ministerial anger, and was early marked out for signal retribution. It was the bugleblast of Boston patriotism that awoke the sympathies of the distant colonies, and was answered by the thunders of British vengeance. While smarting under the blow aimed at her prosperity, not for a moment did she cease to animate her friends and her neighbors to resistance.

After the collision, which extinguished the last lingering hope of a reconciliation, the County of Essex, essentially maritime in her habits, launched her thunderbolts over the deep, and trailed the flag, that for a thousand years had braved the battle and the breeze, ignominiously on many a conquered

deck, whence went up the pine-tree flag of the rebels in token of victory.

The first flag, under the continental authority, that ever floated at an American mast-head, in defiance of British supremacy, was hoisted on board the Hannah, from Beverly. The first commander who, under Washington's commission, threw down the gauntlet of maritime warfare, was Capt. Manly, of Marblehead. The first of our naval heroes, who, with the words, "don't give up the ship!" upon his dying lips, fell, not in defeat, but in the arms of victory, was Capt. Mugford, of Marblehead.¹ The first highly valuable prize, of all the vast prey snatched from the enemy by our cruisers, was the ordnance Brig Nancy, carried into Gloucester, and containing a most seasonable supply of arms and ammunition. From this small beginning grew up that formidable naval strength which wrestled with the power hitherto deemed invincible on the ocean, and came out of that desperate struggle not without laurels. The harbors of Salem, Marblehead, and Beverly, swarmed with private-armed vessels, and were crowded with prizes. The same hardy fishermen of the seaports of Essex, driven from the theatre of their adventurous industry by the breaking out of hostilities, trod the decks of these little wanderers of the sea, who afterwards manned the Constitu-

¹ May 19th, 1775.

tion in the second war of independence, when St. George's cross went down before the stars and stripes.

But it is to the County of Middlesex that the tribes of our American Israel come up to keep holy time. The Mecca and Medina of the advent of freedom are within her borders. LEXINGTON, whose echoes answered to the signal gun that broke the centennial slumbers of the Genius of revolution, to sleep no more till he has trampled on the fetters of the last slave, and wrapped in consuming flames the last throne; to overturn, and overturn, and overturn, until he shall make an end;—CONCORD, that saw the insulting foe driven back in dire confusion before the children of liberty, as the cloud squadrons of some threatening thunder storm melt and disperse when the full-orbed sun bursts through and overpowers them;—ACTON, whose Spartan band of minute-men withstood the onset, and returned the fire of the minions of the tyrant; whose gallant Davis poured out his soul freely in his country's cause, at the moment when the tide of foreign aggression ebbed, at the moment when the beginning of the onward movement of his country's liberty, independence, greatness, and glory, by his judgment, promptness, and valor, was secured;—CHARLESTOWN, the smoke of whose sacrifice mingled with the roar of the murderous artillery, while a

holocaust of victims and the apotheosis of Warren consecrated her mount as the thrice holy spot of all New England's hallowed soil;—CAMBRIDGE, the head quarters of the hero, after whom the age of transition from monarchies to republics will be called the age of Washington ;—in these, your towns, are the several peculiar shrines of the worship of constitutional liberty that have made the American continent not barren of historical monumental scenes. Where else, in the circuit of the revolving globe, does the sun look on such a clustered group of glories ?

Lexington, Concord, Acton, Charlestown, Cambridge, each has its blazoned page in the records of fame ; but, gentlemen, we have gathered from our several homes at the point which marks the crisis in the immortal epos. It was here that republican energy said to foreign usurpation, thus far shalt thou go, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. The site of the old North Bridge at Concord, is the pivot on which the history of the world turns. The volley fired for freedom there, reverberated through a series of revolutions. The rout which then begun, was but the beginning of the disasters and retreats of despotism not yet ended. Before the first shot had been fired that morning to repulse the regulars, self-government was a dream ; since that moment it

has grown to be a fact fixed as the everlasting hills. The transactions of that day of destiny, three-quarters of a century ago, are too familiar to you all to be rehearsed again on this occasion. You will pardon me, if I rather, after succinctly stating the event, return to those general considerations which seem to be appropriate to the place and day.

The Boston Port Bill took effect June 1st, 1774. It prostrated the flourishing commerce of that town and occasioned great distress. It was intended to punish the destruction of the tea, and other manifestations of the rebellious temper of the New England metropolis, and was followed by the landing of several additional regiments to enforce the submission of the colonies to the obnoxious acts of parliament. Government hardly anticipated any serious opposition after this demonstration. They sadly underrated the persevering courage of our countrymen. An officer wrote home from Boston, in November, 1774, "Whenever it comes to blows, he that can run the fastest will think himself best off; any two regiments here ought to be decimated, if they did not beat, in the field, the whole force of the Massachusetts province." As late as the sixteenth of March, 1775, Earl Sandwich told an apochryphal story, in the house of lords, of the cowardice of the Americans at Louisburg, and added, "They are raw, undisciplined, cowardly men.

I wish, instead of forty or fifty thousand of these brave fellows, they would produce in the field at least two hundred thousand ; the more the better, the easier would be the conquest ; if they did not run away, they would starve themselves into compliance with our measures.”¹ When the test came, the feats of running were upon the other side ; and the nearest approach to starvation was experienced within the lines of beleaguered Boston rather than without.

Notwithstanding this overweening confidence of the ministry, Gage, who had fought by the side of provincial troops in Braddock’s expedition, could not disguise from himself that a “ bloody crisis ” was at hand, and wrote home to his employers, that “ a very respectable force should take the field.” The possession of arms and ammunition was, of course, essential to the plans of the colonists, and to deprive them of the material of war was equally an object of the first importance with Gen. Gage. On the first of September, he caused to be carried off, from the magazine at Quarry Hill, in Charlestown, two hundred and fifty half barrels of powder, belonging to the provincials, and two field-pieces from Cambridge. This proceeding excited great indignation. The patriots conveyed, secretly and by night,

¹ Debate on the bill for restraining the trade and commerce of the New England colonies.

muskets and cannon out of Boston, and from an old battery at Charlestown, and made every effort to secure their stores. Sunday, February twenty-sixth, Col. Leslie was sent to Salem to seize some brass cannon, but was thwarted by the hoisting of the North Bridge, and the sudden assembling of the people. On the eighteenth of March, the Boston Neck Guard seized 13,425 cartridges, and a quantity of ball, which the patriots were transporting into the country.

At Concord, where the provincial congress sat, from the twenty-second of March to the fifteenth of April, a large quantity of military stores had been collected, which Gen. Gage, in pursuance of his settled policy, determined to destroy. He sent out officers to reconnoitre the roads, and endeavored to intercept all information of his designs on its way into the country; and, on the night of the eighteenth of April, at half-past ten, despatched eight hundred men, by way of Lechmere's Point, through West Cambridge and Lexington, to Concord. A lanthorn in the North Church steeple alarmed the country, and, by midnight, Col. Paul Revere had carried the news to Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Jonas Clark's house in Lexington. The commanding officer learned, by the sound of guns and bells, that his silent march had been betrayed, and that the country was rising round him.

He sent back to Boston for a reinforcement, and at the same time pushed forward six companies of light infantry, under Major Pitcairn, to seize the Concord Bridges. This detachment found at Lexington, a little before five in the morning, Capt. Parker's company of militia, just to the north of the meeting-house, numbering sixty or seventy. Pitcairn ordered them to throw down their arms and disperse; but the order was not instantly obeyed, and the king's troops rushed on them, shouting and firing. Eight patriots were killed and ten wounded. Jonas Parker, and some others, returned the fire; the militia retreated in disorder. The British gave "three huzzas by way of triumph, and as expressive of the joy of victory and the glory of conquest,"¹ and after about twenty minutes' halt, during which the light infantry came up, the whole force moved on to Concord, and reached it at about seven o'clock. The militia collected there, retired before their superior numbers; the grenadiers and part of the light infantry remained in the centre of the town; a party secured the South Bridge, and Capt. Laurie, with about a hundred light infantry, guarded the North Bridge, while Capt. Parsons, with about the same number, passed about two miles beyond it, to destroy the stores at Col. Barrett's. A portion of these had been removed

¹ Clark's Account, April 19th, 1776.

and were saved. In the mean time, the tocsin sounded far and wide, and the minute-men hurried from all the towns around to the help of their brethren in peril. By Col. Barrett's direction, they were formed on the high grounds about a mile from the North Bridge, by Adjutant Hosmer, to the number of about four hundred and fifty. Concord, Lincoln, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Bedford, Westford, and Littleton, were numerously represented there, and the Acton company marched up together. Smoke began to rise from the centre of the town, and the Americans must see their dwellings burned, or occupy the bridge and pass over it to the rescue. A short consultation was held among the officers. Capt. William Smith, of Lincoln, volunteered to dislodge the enemy from the bridge. Capt. Isaac Davis, of Acton, with a knowledge of his company which the event justified, remarked, "I haven't a man in my company that is afraid to go." Col. Barrett "ordered them to march to the North Bridge and pass the same, but not to fire on the king's troops unless they were fired upon."¹ They advanced in double file, the Acton company under Capt. Davis in front; Captains Brown, Miles, Barrett, Smith, and some others, with their companies, fell into the line; Major Buttrick, of Concord, had the command, and Col. Robinson, of Westford,

¹ Col. Barrett's Deposition, April 23d, 1775.

marched beside him as a volunteer. The British, when they saw them approach, began to take up the planks of the bridge. Major Buttrick remonstrated, and hastened his march. When they were within ten or fifteen rods, Laurie's party fired upon them, first a few shots and then a volley, killing Capt. Davis and Abner Hosmer, of the same company, and wounding several others. The provincials returned the fire, killed one, and wounded several; and the regulars immediately retreated, "with great precipitation,"¹ towards the main body. This happened between nine and ten o'clock. The party under Capt. Parsons soon after passed the bridge unmolested, and joined the main body. The troops remained in Concord till noon.

But now the country was indeed awake. The cry of innocent blood sped over the hills, and kindled the brave New England hearts in every hamlet. The spark struck out in that morning's collision was fated to light up the flame of a general war, and to burst into a second conflagration, the European revolution, which the blood of three millions of victims has not yet sufficed to quench. Already it ran rapidly over this land like an autumn fire in the prairies. The farmer, from the plough left standing in the furrow, the smith, casting down his hammer, up every valley, and along every pathway,

¹ Dr. Langdon's Sermon before Congress, May 31st, 1775.

the firm-nerved sons of toil, seizing the weapons choked with the rust of a long peace, rushed to arrest the progress of the destroyer, and to vindicate their outraged countrymen. The foe that, "like evening wolves, greedy of prey, . . . crept out of Boston, through a by-way, in the dark and silent night, that, unseen and unawares, they might lay waste and destroy,"¹ saw their hidden counsels discovered, and their boasted victory turned to shameful flight. The accumulated wrongs of many years crowded this hour of vengeance, and the wrath nursed in colonial vassalage, finding sudden vent, was poured without stint on the astonished heads of invaders who had visited their quiet homes with fire, havoc, and massacre. The guilt of the first blood weighed heavily on the disheartened fugitives as they entered on their rout of terror, and transformed the king's troops, in the view of the exasperated patriots, into felons doomed and deserving to be hunted down like wolves. Their hatred of oppression merged in abhorrence of the unnatural crime of murder, which elevated the thirst of vengeance to a high and holy duty, "to execute the divine law in cutting off men of blood."² This conviction of a divine warrant, a positive command to cut off their enemies from the earth, took deep root in the Puritan heart that day, and was assidu-

¹ Mr. Cooke's Sermon at Lexington, April 19th, 1777.

² Cooke's Sermon, April 19th, 1777.

ously cultivated by the clergy of New England through the war, making it inveterate because it was a war of conscience. "Choose out men; go fight with Amalek," thundered from the pulpits; "a curse is denounced against the man that withholdeth his hand from shedding blood, and even on him that doeth this work of the Lord negligently."¹ Truly these were genuine descendants of those iron Roundheads, who made inquisition for blood, who went up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and smote them, hip and thigh; who read the one hundred and forty-ninth psalm before their battles, and cursed Meroz bitterly; who trusted in God and kept their powder dry, and shared with Oliver his crowning mercies. On that black and ever memorable day, April nineteenth, a bloody line was drawn across the scroll of history. British soldiers were no longer fellow-subjects of their anointed king, but bloody and deceitful men, whom God abhorred and would repay; sons of Amalek, who laid wait for Israel in the way when he came up from Egypt, and smote him when he was faint and weary; against whom God was their succor and defence, breaking the bows of the mighty, that they who are girded with strength stumble and fall. *Hoc fonte derivata clades*, here first were "garments rolled in blood, which, from this source, has awfully

¹ Cooke's Sermon, April 19th, 1777.

streamed through the land.”¹ “The crimson fount was opened; God only knew when it would close.”²

About noon, Col. Smith and the regulars took up their march for Boston. The outposts on their left, on the high ground, had been disquieted with the prospect of the husbandmen hastening along every road that winds round the hills, bringing with them the firelocks proved in the French war. Scant time had they to divide the half-cooked contents of the camp-kettles, and make what was to many their last hurried meal. A strong flank guard kept the ridge that runs by the road, and covered their left. Near Merriam’s corner, the Reading minute-men under Major Brooks, and the militia from Billerica and some from other towns came up, and made a stand. The British called in their flanking party, faced about, and fired a volley, which injured no one. The fire was immediately returned, and two British soldiers fell dead in the road near the brook.

After this, no vantage ground was unimproved. From behind trees, rocks, fences, and buildings, the quick, sharp report of the musket was heard, with deadly aim. The flanking parties suffered terribly, and whenever the nature of the ground brought them in, the shot fell frequent in the ranks of the main body. Near Hardy’s Hill, the Sudbury company poured in their fire. The woods of Lincoln

¹ Cooke’s Sermon, April 19th, 1777.

² Letter to New York, quoted in Life of Hamilton, Vol. I.

swarmed with minutemen, posted in the Indian style behind large trees. The stone walls were lined with sharp shooters, and the quick repeated flashes betrayed their numbers. Woburn had "turned out extraordinary," one hundred and eighty strong, who scattered behind walls and trees. The road is hilly and crooked, with forests and thickets near. In passing through these woody defiles, for three miles or more, the British loss was heavy. They sustained a constant, galling, well-directed fire, and could not return it with effect. Capt. Parker with the Lexington company, smarting under the outrage of the morning, met them, and turning aside into the field, delivered a most deadly fire as they passed. A bright sun had been shining all day, and for so rapid and long-continued a movement, the weather was oppressively warm. The pursuers mustered in constantly increasing numbers. Ammunition began to fail the regulars. Worn out with fatigue, and tortured with thirst, the restraints of discipline could be endured no longer. They came down the hills on the run, and scarcely by threats of instant death could the officers retain them in their decimated ranks.

Hasty, hasty rout is there ;
Fear to stop, and shame to fly,
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath.

Their situation was desperate, and the detachment must soon have surrendered, if they had not been reinforced.

In pursuance of Col. Smith's request in the morning, General Gage had ordered up eleven hundred men to relieve him. They consisted of three regiments of infantry, and two divisions of marines, with two field-pieces, and marched under Lord Percy, through Roxbury and Cambridge, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. They met the fugitives, about two o'clock, within half a mile of Lexington meeting-house, "so much exhausted with fatigue," says Stedman, "that they were obliged to lie down for rest on the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths, like those of dogs after a chase." The field-pieces played from the high grounds below Munroe's tavern, and kept the provincials at bay. Awhile the battle paused; but devastation filled the interval. Buildings were set on fire, and others on the route plundered, and property wantonly destroyed. The British dressed their wounded; the retreating party took some refreshment, and the whole body rested about half an hour, a mile below the meeting-house.

Lord Percy was a nobleman of talent, valor, and skill; proud of the Northumberland honors. He had with him eighteen hundred veterans schooled in victory in the old world, finely officered, fur-

nished with well-served artillery, and goaded to revenge by the spectacle of their discomfited and bleeding comrades, driven like sheep before the rustic, undisciplined, and rudely-organized champions of freedom. Yet he did not turn upon his assailants, and evidently considered that he was accomplishing a most arduous achievement, and earning for himself no mean military reputation, if he could rescue his command, environed with peril, and conduct it without serious loss to Boston. No sooner were his troops in motion, than the minute-men and militia, rallied from a still wider circle than before, renewed the attack with unabated ardor. Wherever the windings of the road enabled the pursuers to bring the column in their line of fire, the dead and wounded dropped from the ranks. Lord Percy quickened his march. At West Cambridge, Hutchinson's company, consisting of twenty-four minute-men from Danvers, and Lieut. Ebenezer Francis, and the same number of men from Beverly, with Foster's minute-men, principally from Danvers, but partly from Beverly, followed by Eppe's, Page's, and Flint's companies of militia, mostly from Danvers, and Capt. Caleb Dodge's company from Beverly, reached the scene of action. They planted themselves in the route of the retreat, and prepared to receive the enemy, by throwing together a breast-work of bundles of shingles against the walls of an

enclosure, a little west of the meeting-house. They probably had not heard of the reinforcement under Lord Percy, and expected to encounter, and intended to intercept, the jaded and harassed survivors of the Concord fight. They were soon undeceived, for the British, in solid column, descended the hill on their right, while a large flanking party advanced at the same moment on their left.¹ Surprised, outnumbered, and surrounded, they made a gallant resistance; some fell fighting and sold their lives dearly;² others surrendered and were basely butchered; so says the local tradition of their town. Captain Foster and a part of his men, who had not entered the enclosure, but had posted themselves behind trees on the hillside, passed along the margin of the pond, and crossed the road directly in front of the British column, and fired from behind a ditch wall, as long as their shot would tell.³ It is a fact, which certainly should never be forgotten in the commemoration of the acts of daring patriotism of the citizens of about thirty towns who took part in the pursuit that afternoon, that Danvers, distant sixteen miles

¹ Hanson's History of Danvers.

² "The greatest slaughter of the British took place, it is said, while they were on the retrograde, sweating with toil and blood, for three or four miles through the woody defiles in Lincoln, and in the upper part of Lexington, and again when their flanking parties were intercepted in Cambridge, by one or two companies from Danvers." Lexington and the 19th of April, 1775, republished in the Boston News Letter.

³ For this, and some other incidents given above, I am indebted to the interesting address, delivered by Hon. D. P. King, on laying the corner stone of the Danvers monument.

from the spot where her children fell, lost a greater number of killed than any other town after the retreat from Concord Bridge, until the British entered Boston; greater than any other town during the day, with the single exception of Lexington. And though a son of that ancient and sober town which has waited patiently seventy-five years, for her due meed of honor in the events of this great day, I shall venture to remark, that though farther distant from the line of the retreat, by several miles, than any other town that sent a musket into service that day, her ready zeal and self-sacrificing devotion are evidenced by the four names that represent the town of Beverly, on the list of killed and wounded.

The British had many struck at West Cambridge, and the fire grew perhaps hotter, at the base of Prospect Hill. The flight quickened to very near a run down the old Cambridge road to Charlestown neck, to gain a shelter under the guns of the ships of war. At the close of the day, they ascended Bunker's Hill. There was no time to be lost on the road, for while the main body of the provincials hung closely on their rear, a strong force was advancing upon them from Roxbury, Dorchester, and Milton, and Col. Pickering, with seven hundred Essex militia, threatened to cut off their retreat from Charlestown.¹ Pickering's regiment reached Winter

¹ Washington writes, May 31, 1775: "If the retreat had not been as precipitate as it was,—and God knows it could not well have been more so;—the ministerial troops

Hill, as the British passed down the Charlestown road. General Heath, soon after, ordered the pursuit to be stopped.¹ The next day's sun shone on the siege of Boston. The wolf was hounded to his den, and never since that day has he troubled the homes of the Massachusetts yeomanry. Bunker Hill, that gave them the first rest, after thirty-six miles' march of disaster and disgrace, was the only spot of Massachusetts soil, outside the Boston lines, recovered by the enemy after his retreat, and this at the cost of more than a thousand killed and wounded, and a victory more fatal than many defeats. As the news of this day's slaughter, and its great revenge, spread through Massachusetts, every town sent up its contingent to the "American Grand Army," extemporized upon this sudden call. Putnam, to this day the hero of the popular heart, from Connecticut; Stark, insensible to fear as the granite mountains, from New Hampshire; Greene, who enjoyed and deserved the confidence of Washington, from Rhode Island, with the generous volunteers of those colonies, joined the Bay State reg-

must have surrendered, or been totally cut off. For they had not arrived in Charlestown, (under cover of their ships,) half an hour, before a powerful body of men from Marblehead and Salem was at their heels, and must, if they had happened to be up one hour sooner, inevitably have intercepted their retreat to Charlestown." Sparks' Washington, Vol. II, p. 407.

¹ I have made free use of Mr. Frothingham's well-digested account of the battle, in his history of the siege of Boston, with the materials in his notes; Shattuck's History of Concord; Messrs. Ripley, Phinney, and Adams' pamphlets on the local questions; and Mr. Everett's magnificent oration in 1825.

iments under General Ward, and a force of sixteen thousand men hemmed the veterans of Minden, sufficiently experienced on Middlesex battle grounds, within a narrow circuit, until, on the 17th of March, 1776, Washington, from the heights of Dorchester, beheld the embarkation and final flight of one of Britain's haughtiest and best-appointed armies, humbled and dismayed,¹ and the consecrated bounds of Massachusetts freed forever from the detested presence of a foe.

From Concord Bridge, my friends, the rout began. Bunker Hill, and Boston roads, Declaration Hall at Philadelphia, Saratoga and Yorktown, and the treaty bearing Franklin's signature, mark successive stages in the onward progress of America, and the continual retrograde of her enemy. Upon another element, where Britain reigned unrivalled and secure, what Manly, Mugford, and Jones begun, was carried on by Perry, and McDonough, and Chauncey, Lawrence, Bainbridge, and Hull. The account, which was opened here, was closed by Jackson, at New Orleans. The account of blood was closed, I say, and all arrears were fully paid. There remains between the Great Empire of the past, and the Greater Empire of the future, a friendly

¹ "We have one consolation left. Neither Hell, Hull, nor Halifax, can afford worse shelter than Boston." Letter of a British officer, from Nantasket Roads, March 26th, 1776.

rivalship of beneficent influences, which we may contemplate with unalloyed pleasure, and which is not the less the legitimate product of the first revolutionary movement here commenced.

Time would fail me to enumerate even the names of those who acted well their parts, that day. The host, that started at their country's summons that morning, has passed away from among us. The places that knew them, and honored them, know them no more. They have left the scene of their toils and perils, and gone to that home "where there are no wars nor fatiguing marches, no roaring cannon, but an eternity to spend in perfect harmony, and undisturbed peace."¹ Where all acted from a common impulse of duty, distinctions may seem invidious; but it is pardonable to recall, especially, the memory of those who were spared for other service to their country, in her councils, or in arms. Eustis, and Brooks, and Pickering, and Gerry, distinguished through long lives of usefulness by the confidence of their fellow-citizens, discharged the duties of important stations both in the State and in the nation, and affection and gratitude, with reverend sorrow, paid their funeral obsequies,—a fate how unlike that of the beginners of all other revolutions! The master spirit of the Common-

¹ Seth Pomeroy's letter to his wife, from the siege of Louisbourg, May 8th, 1745.

wealth of England, holding with a steady hand the helm of state, until death unloosed his grasp, was scarcely laid in his grave, before the sanctity of his tomb was violated, his ashes given to the winds, and his bones gibbeted with infamy. France saw the heads that inspired the councils of her liberty shorn away, one after the other, by the remorseless guillotine. America appreciates and trusts her patriot leaders,—her Adamses, her Franklin, Jefferson, and Washington,—and guards their dust among her choicest treasures. Thus she repudiates and falsifies that ancient maxim of patrician insolence, that republics are ungrateful.

But there are other names to be remembered in the list of those who drove the Percy in such hot haste to shelter, and those who hastened to surround the foiled lion, and prevent a second egress: among them are those that have resounded through the world, and whose echoes will not yet be lost in distant ages. General Heath, early in active service, took the command above West Cambridge, and endeavored to rally and form the minute-men, dispersed by Percy's artillery. Prescott, of Pepperell, took part in the council of war held before Boston, the next day, and to him was intrusted the most arduous and momentous duty; deliberately to invite and defy to battle the whole British force in America, for the first time in the war—a duty how

nobly performed! Never did scarred and laurelled conqueror, from his triumphal car, look forward to so bright an immortality, as he who marshalled the elect of freedom, on the sod which Warren moistened with his blood. Warren himself, as ever careless of his life, was in the field, and active there.¹ At Lexington he encouraged the militia to disregard the fire of the field-pieces: at West Cambridge, he was in the hottest of the fight, and a musket ball passed through his earlock. The name of the President of the Provincial Congress belongs then, legitimately, to the recollections to be passed in review this day. The name of Warren, falling in his prime, in a sad and sanguinary defeat; sad, yet more glorious than any victory the muse of history had ever yet recorded, is and ever must be, embalmed in the hearts of the whole people of the Republic. He left a fame that is the nation's common property; priceless, for gold could not buy it; secure, for no reverse of arms can tear it from us. So long as language shall be faithful to its trust; so long as tradition shall preserve the outline, after history has forgotten the detail; so long as one generous emotion shall warm the human heart; after the monument shall have crumbled, but while Bunker Hill

¹ Dr. Eliot remarks of Dr. Warren,—“At the battle of Lexington he was, perhaps, the most active man in the field. His soul beat to arms, as soon as he learned the intention of the British troops.”

shall stand, Warren shall be the watchword in the armies of liberty.

But the generation of that heroic age, their work done, all done, well done, have passed from the land which they redeemed, and are gone. All gone? Oh no! It has pleased the Almighty Father of mercies, in his sovereign Providence, to continue to us two time-honored worthies of the veteran band, beyond the ordinary lot of humanity, sole lingerers on the verge of life, to witness the seventy-fifth year of freedom by God's blessing, and their good right arms, secured. Living mementos of the glorious past! Long may your valued presence remind us of our duty to the future, by showing what the past has done for us, by carrying back our thoughts to the times that tried men's souls. These are of the number that took their lives in their hand, and walked fearless among the death-shafts; counting all things earthly but as dross, that surviving they might point out to us, or dying might bequeath to us, a more excellent way, a career of pure unshackled liberty. Alas! they are but two, out of so many thousands; sentries, waiting to be called in, of the rear guard of the grand army which has gone before them. Like the precious spices of the East, the rarer they grow, the more highly do we value them. Like the mystic books of the Sybil, these that remain represent to us the worth of those that are lost.

Favorites of Time, who has dealt so gently with you, what a contrast do your eyes behold when you compare the mighty empire which you helped to found with the feeble colony that gave you birth. The period of your life has been contemporaneous with the work of many ages: never before have a thousand years done for any nation under heaven what the last three fourths of a century have done for us. A thousand years constructed and confirmed the majestic fabric of the Roman empire; sages and warriors, through a thousand years of fixed purpose, iron resolution and all-enduring fortitude, established the dominion of the eternal city, unshaken by the burthen of the world, and not to be destroyed, save in the wreck of the old heathen world passing away forever. But you, wonderful men, preceded by many years this empire; in the purple ripeness of maturely-developed youth, you stood by the cradle of this empire, when the young Alcides strangled the monsters sent by his step-mother; when our home was a strip of land between the ocean and the Alleghanies, which scattered settlers, with no wealth but the labor of their hands, disputed with the savages. You have lived to be citizens of an empire broader than Rome, mightier than Rome, wealthier than Rome, wiser than Rome, holier than Rome. Machinery, the creation of the free mind, does more for us, ten-fold more, than all the arms of her many

million subjects did for her. Look around you ; all that you see, and all that your and our posterity shall see, is the fruit of liberty ; and of that liberty, it is for you to say truly, we and our comrades, on the nineteenth day of April, planted the fructifying seed.

Look around you and survey your work. It is not enough that we proclaim, that a small one has become a great people ; that day by day new nations rise up to call you blessed ; that even now, states, infant in years, but giants in vigor and proportions, press at your portals, asking admission as coördinate sovereignties, "demanding life, impatient for the skies." Look around you ; measure the improvement of the condition of the individual denizens of all our towns and villages, and see if it tend not onward and upward in an accelerated ratio, equal, at least, to that of our political greatness. The hardy colonist extracted from the soil with infinite labor a frugal subsistence, uncertain how long he should hold even his earnings, for the mother country claimed the right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever, collecting few comforts, desiring no luxuries, without machinery, without capital, almost without intercourse, scarcely recovered from the exhaustion of ruinous French and Indian wars. The fair enchantress Liberty has waved her potent wand ; prosperity and happiness crown all the hills,

and cover the plains ; on every waterfall, a city rises like an exhalation ; the iron horse, the missionary which science despatches to lead the van of advancing refinement, snorts over the prairies scarcely abandoned by the disappearing buffalo ; the electric nerve throbs with the impulse of intelligence from Halifax to New Orleans ; internal commerce dips her silver oar in every lake ; the birchen canoe of the native hunter is transformed to a waterborne palace, gorgeous with the adornments of high art, and steadyng her upright keel against the wind, with the miraculous energy of imprisoned fire. Of the rich exuberance of our plenty we may impart with a world-wide charity ; and ocean smiles to transport upon her bosom the messengers freighted with salvation to the famine-stricken millions of slavery-blasted Ireland.

I have inquired what consequences would have followed, if the Mede had trodden out Hellenic liberty, and an Achoœmenian despot reckoned Greece among his provinces ; what would have been the effect of a Saracenic conquest of Europe ? I might go on to imagine our own situation, if Great Britain had reduced her colonies to abject submission. Reverse the result at Marathon ; should we have been here ? Would the old world have known the existence of the continent of which Plato dreamed ? Reverse the result at Tours, and where would have

been the faith and hopes of Christendom ? Reverse what was done at Concord Bridge, and all that has followed out of what was there done, and I need not ask, should we have been free ? How much of the freedom, well-being and progress of Europe would the world yet wait for ? Where would have been the miracles of the first half of the nineteenth century, and the loftier anticipations of the portion yet to come of that century ?

I might answer, mind moves the world, informs and agitates the mass, and fashions the future, before the wheels of time deliver it into being. All the elements of progress exist in thought, before they are moulded in reality. The provincial mind is blasted with barrenness. The degree of freedom which our fathers enjoyed, at the time of the Concord fight, had become a paradoxical impracticability: it must either complete itself, or disappear. It was necessary that we should throw off the yoke of colonial vassalage, or sink to the level and wear the livery of that vassalage. It was the electricity developed in our revolutionary atmosphere that burst, in thunder, on slumbering France. Awaking France awoke the world.

Starting from these principles, I might work out the problem propounded ; but it will be equally instructive, and far more satisfactory, to examine what has been, rather than to ask what might have been ;

to measure the strides of living liberty, rather than calculate the tracks of some fossil megatherium of extinct tyranny. Over what distance has the good Goddess led us, since the young days of these our venerable friends; and how does our progress compare with that of other nations, and of other times? Upon the threshold of this ample theme, I pause; for the hours rush swiftly by, and to do justness to its vastness, would delay you too long. There is no time to-day to survey the field. I will barely indicate a few of the land-marks.

Our present population is nine times that of the day of Concord fight, and a continuance of the same ratio for the same period, to the year nineteen hundred and twenty-five, will extend the blessings of this Union over more than two hundred millions of souls. Then the orator who shall stand upon this spot, will show that all these are not crowded, but that there is room for more. There is no probability that this aggregate will be less than double the whole population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, together with the French Republic.

Our present wealth is more than forty times that of the colonies seventy-five years ago. The annual income of the nation is at least twenty-five times as great as it was then. Our annual income was then about one-tenth part that of France; now, it is

nearly equal to that of France, and is gaining very rapidly upon that of the British Empire. Of the great element of power over physical nature, coal, our production is now greater than that of the world seventy-five years ago. Of iron, the chief instrument with which man subdues nature to his purposes, our product is greater than that of all the world seventy-five years ago. Of gold, the other main sinew of war, and the negotiator of the exchanges of peace, we produce more than the rest of the world now does. Our cotton manufactures exceed those of the whole world seventy-five years ago. Our tonnage exceeds that of the world seventy-five years since. It will soon surpass that of the British empire, and in a few years, much short of three quarters of a century, it will far surpass that of the rest of the world. We have more printing presses in operation, and more printed volumes in the hands of our people, than the whole world had on the day of the Concord fight. More newspapers are printed in the city of Boston every day than the whole world then produced. Since that day, America has produced the steamboat and adopted the locomotive, and there are more steam engines employed in Massachusetts than were then used in the world.

It would be gratifying to know how far these means of physical comfort, ease, and improvement, have been employed, it is our imperative duty to in-

quire how far they may be and ought to be employed, for the moral and intellectual advancement of a people so highly favored of heaven. The proper limits of this occasion forbid me to enter upon a new investigation; I can only express the hope that we should have no reason to blush at the results, if we had time to pursue it.

Over how broad a portion of the world have we extended the advantages we ourselves enjoy! Our domain unites the noblest valley on the surface of the globe, competent to grow food for human beings many more than now dwell on the face of the earth, with an eastern wing, fitted for the site of the principal manufacturing and commercial power of existing Christendom, and a western flank well situated to hold the same position on the Pacific, when Asia shall renew her youth, and Australia shall have risen to the level of Europe. Bewildering almost is the suddenness of our expansion to fill these limits, and astounding are the phenomena that accompany this development. This day there stands before the councils of the nation, deputed to participate in their deliberations, a young man born within sight of old Concord Bridge, and educated under the institutions which Concord fight secured, who, when he revisits the old homestead, claims to represent a territory larger than France and the United British kingdom; capable of containing, if settled to the present density of Great Britain, more

than a hundred millions of souls ; a territory lately the joint inheritance of the Indian and the grisly bear, now outstripping, in its instant greatness, all recorded colonies ; the Ophir of our age, richer than Solomon's ; richer than the wildest vision that ever dazzled Arabian fancy.

Occupying such a continent, receiving it consecrated by the toils, and sufferings, and outpouring of ancestral blood, which, on the day we now commemorate, began, how delightful is the duty which devolves on us to guard the beacon-fire of liberty whose flames our fathers kindled. Suffer it not, my friends ! suffer it not, posterity that shall come after us ! to be clouded by domestic dissension, or obscured by the dank, mephitic vapors of faction. Until now, its pure irradiance dispels doubt and fear, and revivifies the fainting hopes of downcast patriotism. Forever may it shine brightly as now, for as yet its pristine lustre fades not, but still flashes out the ancient, clear, and steady illumination, joy-giving as the blaze that, leaping from promontory to promontory, told the triumph of Agamemnon over fated Troy. It towers and glows, resplendent and beautiful, far seen by the tempest-tost on the sea of revolution ; darting, into the dungeons of gaunt despair, beams whose benignant glory no lapse of time shall dim ; the wanderers in the chill darkness of slavery, it guides, and cheers, and warms ; it fills the universe with its splendor.

BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
CELEBRATION OF THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL,
AT CONCORD.

1850.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

NOVEMBER, 12, 1849.

"The inhabitants of Concord, in town meeting assembled, voted, that the next anniversary of Concord Fight be celebrated by the town, and that the following persons constitute a Committee of Arrangements, and that they have authority, according to their judgment, to expend for this purpose any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, viz.:

FRANCIS R. GOURGAS,	JOHN S. KEYES,
SHERMAN BARRETT,	BENJAMIN E. SAWYER,
RICHARD BARRETT,	ANTHONY WRIGHT,
E. ROCKWOOD HOAR,	DANIEL SHATTUCK,
NEHEMIAH BALL,	DANIEL CLARK,
CHARLES W. GOODNOW,	SIMON BROWN,
NATHAN BARRETT,	CYRUS WHEELER,
JOHN BROWN, JR.	JAMES WOOD,
CALVIN C. DAMON,	JOSEPH MILES,
GEORGE M. BARRETT,	SAMUEL HOAR,
MICAJAH RICE,	JOSEPH HOLBROOK,
WILLIAM MELVIN,	WILLIAM W. WHEILDON,
ELIJAH WOOD,	STEDMAN BUTTRICK,
THOMAS D. WESSON,	FRANCIS JARVIS,
ASA BROOKS,	CHARLES A. HUBBARD."

NOVEMBER 24, 1849.

The Committee met and organized by the choice of John S. Keyes, Chairman, Wm. W. Wheildon, Secretary, and John M. Cheney, (chosen in the place of Daniel Shattuck, who declined serving on the Committee,) Treasurer.

The Committee then voted to invite the towns of Lexington, Acton, Lincoln, Sudbury, Carlisle, and Bedford, to unite with Concord, in celebrating, in that town, the events of the 19th of

April, 1775, on the next anniversary of that day, and send Committees to aid in making the necessary arrangements.

This invitation having been communicated to these towns was responded to by them all, and the following persons were chosen to constitute the Committee from the several towns named:

Lexington.

PHILIP RUSSELL,	JONATHAN S. PARKER,
CHARLES HUDSON,	ALBERT W. BRYANT,
GALEN ALLEN,	BOWEN HARRINGTON,
SAMUEL CHANDLER,	ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

Action.

RUFUS HOLDEN,	REUBEN BARKER,
JAMES T. WOODBURY,	CHARLES ROBBINS,
FRANCIS TUTTLE,	SAMUEL T. ADAMS,
JONATHAN B. DAVIS,	AARON CHAFFIN,
BRADLEY STONE,	NATHAN BROOKS,
SILAS HOSMER,	DANIEL WETHERBEE,
WINTHROP E. FAULKNER,	JOHN WHITE,
ABRAHAM CONANT,	EBENEZER HAYWARD,
JOSEPH W. TUTTLE,	DAVID M. HANDLEY.

Lincoln.

JAMES JONES, JR.	LEONARD HOAR,
JAMES L. CHAPIN,	CHARLES L. TARBELL,
DANIEL WESTON,	ABEL WHEELER,
WILLIAM COLBOURN,	SAMUEL H. PIERCE,
JOHN W. FARRAR,	GEORGE M. BAKER.

Sudbury.

DRURY FAIRBANKS,	EPHRAIM MOORE,
ABEL JONES,	CHARLES GERRY,
JONATHAN R. VOSE.	

Carlisle.

JONAS PARKER,	CYRUS HEALD,
SETH W. BANNISTER,	BENJAMIN F. HEALD,
BENJAMIN BARRETT,	THOMAS GREEN,
WILLIAM GREEN, 2D,	LEVI S. HUTCHINSON,
EPHRAIM ROBBINS.	

Bedford.

PHINEAS W. CHAMBERLAIN.	REUBEN BACON,
THOMAS STILES,	ELIAS B. LANE,
JOHN W. SIMONDS,	TIMOTHY PAGE,
AMOS B. CUTLER,	NATHANIEL C. CUTLER,
SYLVANUS LAWRENCE,	SAMUEL WYMAN.

The Committee having, at numerous meetings, decided on the arrangements for the celebration, and having raised, by voluntary subscription in Concord, sufficient funds for the general expenses; voted to invite, besides other distinguished gentlemen, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Council, and both branches of the Legislature of the Commonwealth, to attend the celebration.

The following correspondence was had in pursuance of that vote:

LEXINGTON, April 12, 1850.

SIR,—The citizens of Concord and the neighboring towns, having made arrangements for celebrating at Concord, on the 19th of April, inst., the Seventy-Fifth anniversary of that memorable day, respectfully invite you, and the honorable body over which you preside, to be present as *guests*, and participate with them in the exercises and festivities of the occasion.

No day in the annals of our country's independence stands more prominent than the one on which the first blood of the Revolution was shed, and the first resistance offered to British arms. The history of our beloved Commonwealth is so intimately connected with the events of that day, that it seems peculiarly appropriate that the whole State should, by its chosen delegates, participate in the celebration. We therefore fondly trust that you will honor us by your presence, and thereby show to the whole country that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts cherishes a grateful remembrance of those who perilled all in Freedom's sacred cause, and that she will be ready at all times to sustain, at any hazard, those free institutions, which were purchased by the toil and blood of our fathers.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obt. servant,

CHARLES HUDSON,

In behalf of the Committee of Invitation.

Hon. ENSIGN H. KELLOGG,

Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
April 16, 1850.

Hon. CHARLES HUDSON, Chairman, &c.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed, by the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, to inform the inhabitants of Concord and the adjoining towns, that the House has this day cordially accepted the invitation so politely communicated through you to attend the celebration at Concord, on the 19th instant.

The House also desires to express its grateful sense of the kindness and civility extended to them by their fellow-citizens of Concord and vicinity, in inviting them to participate in this very interesting celebration.

With great respect,

E. H. KELLOGG, *Speaker.*

A similar invitation was also communicated to the Honorable Senate, and by them accepted.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company were invited to perform escort duty on the occasion, and accepted the invitation. Invitations were also extended to the towns of Danvers, West Cambridge, Pepperell, Reading, Woburn, &c., citizens of which took part in the events of the 19th of April, 1775, to send delegations to the celebration.

The following officers of the day were appointed by the Committee:

Hon. E. ROCKWOOD HOAR, of Concord, *President of the Day.*

Rev. JAMES T. WOODBURY, of Acton, *Chaplain.*

Col. ISAAC H. WRIGHT, of Lexington, *Chief Marshal.*

And

GEORGE M. BARRETT, Esq.,	LEONARD HOAR, Esq.,
STEDMAN BUTTRICK, Esq.,	ABEL WHEELER, Esq.,
CYRUS STOW, Esq.,	Maj. DANIEL WESTON,
of Concord;	of Lincoln;

W. M. CHANDLER, Esq.,	Col. DRURY FAIRBANKS,
Maj. BENJ. WELLINGTON,	CHRISTOPHER G. CUTLER, Esq.,
Col. PHILIP RUSSELL,	EPHRAIM STONE, Esq.,
of Lexington;	of Sudbury;

Hon. STEVENS HAYWARD, SIMON TUTTLE, Esq., ALDEN FULLER, Esq.,	Maj. JONAS PARKER, CYRUS HEALD, Esq., Capt. THOMAS HEALD,
of Acton ;	of Carlisle ;
Capt. TIMOTHY PAGE, JONATHAN BACON, Esq.,	JOHN D. BILLINGS, Esq., of Bedford,
<i>Vice Presidents.</i>	

The following notice of arrangements and order of procession were published by the Committee :

UNION CELEBRATION AT CONCORD.

19th of April, 1850.

The General Committee of Arrangements, of the towns of Concord, Lexington, Acton, Lincoln, Sudbury, Bedford and Carlisle, give notice that there will be a Union Celebration of the *events of the 19th of April, 1775*, on the approaching anniversary, at Concord, to which the citizens of all the towns, locally or otherwise interested in the events of that day, and the public generally, are invited.

A procession will be formed, at 10 o'clock, A. M., escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, under the direction of Col. Isaac H. Wright, of Lexington, Chief Marshal. The procession, after visiting the monument at the "North Bridge," will march to the pavilion, where an Oration will be delivered by Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr.

Addresses will be made by Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Rufus Choate, His Excellency Gov. Briggs, Hon. John G. Palfrey, and other distinguished speakers. Hon. E. R. Hoar will preside at the table.

The arrangements are designed to accommodate ladies as well as gentlemen at the table.

The dinner will be provided by Mr. John Wright, of Boston, under a new and spacious pavilion. Tickets 75 cents, to be had of the committees of the respective towns.

All civil and military societies, associations or bodies, who are disposed to do so, are invited to attend, and places will be as-

signed for them in the procession, on giving notice beforehand to the Secretary of the Committee.

Special trains will be provided on the Fitchburg Railroad to accommodate those who design to unite in the celebration.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements,

JOHN S. KEYES, *Chairman.*

W. W. WHEILDON, *Secretary.*

CONCORD, April 6, 1850.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Military Escort by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery.

Aid. Chief Marshal. Aid.

President of the Day.

Orator and Chaplain.

Vice Presidents.

Committee of Arrangements.

His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth and Suite.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and the Council.

The Secretary and Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

Soldiers of the 19th of April, 1775.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

Invited Guests.

President of the Senate and Speaker of the House.

The Senate.

The House of Representatives.

Editors of Newspapers.

Masonic Societies, Odd Fellows Lodges and other Associations.

Town Officers and Delegation—Lexington, Concord, Acton,

Lincoln, Sudbury, Carlisle, Bedford.

Delegations from W. Cambridge, Danvers, Woburn, Pepperell,

Roxbury, and other towns, which took part in the events

of the day.

Citizens generally.

Companies of Continentallers.

The procession will be formed on the common at 10 o'clock precisely. The Governor and suite, and the Legislature and in-

vited guests, will assemble at the Middlesex hotel. Societies and associations will form in front of the First church, the right facing the hotel. Delegations from the several towns will form on the streets leading to their towns, the right resting on the square. The Concord delegation will form on the street leading by the Universalist church.

N. B. Ladies will meet at the Unitarian church, and either join in the procession or proceed to the pavilion, under the direction of the marshals for that purpose, as they may prefer.

ISAAC H. WRIGHT, *Chief Marshal.*

CONCORD, April 12th.

THE CELEBRATION

Commenced by a national salute at sunrise, fired by the Concord artillery, from their guns, which bear the following inscription :

"The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Maj. John Buttrick and Capt. Isaac Davis, whose valor and example incited their fellow-citizens to a successful resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge, the 19th of April, 1775, which was the beginning of a contest in arms that ended in American Independence."

From that hour till nearly noon the people of the neighboring towns continued to pour in by carriages, on horseback, and on foot, till the streets and public squares were filled with a dense crowd of every age and class.

The whole town wore its holiday aspect. The principal streets and many of the private dwellings were tastefully decorated with flags and streamers; tablets, with inscriptions commemorative of the events of the day, were displayed in their appropriate localities, and the scene presented an air of joy and animation which even the cloudy sky did not disturb or darken.

The Governor and suite, the Council, the Senate, and House of Representatives, escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Col. Andrews, commander, and the Boston Brass Band, arrived about ten o'clock, in a special train, generously provided for them by the Fitchburg Railroad Company. This

was soon after followed by two other trains, bringing large numbers from the city and lower part of the county, and swelling the multitude to at least five thousand persons.

The procession was formed about eleven o'clock, in the order before given, under the direction of Col. ISAAC H. WRIGHT, Chief Marshal, and his aids, Capt. J. S. PARKER of Lexington, and JOSEPH B. KEYES of Concord, and the following assistant Marshals :

Col. JAMES JONES, Jr. of Lincoln, J. Q. A. CHANDLER, of Lexington, Dr. H. A. BARRETT, of Concord, JAMES JONES, of Weston, RUFUS HOLDEN, of Acton, D. K. HATCH, of Concord, JAMES M. BILLINGS, of Concord, N. H. WARREN, " E. C. WETHERBEE, " BENJ. POLAND, W. Cambridge.

The military escort, with full ranks, in their new uniform, the Legislature and other invited guests in large numbers, and one of the survivors of the battle, with three other revolutionary patriots in a carriage, drawn by four black horses, were the prominent features of the procession, which was very large and imposing. A delegation from the order of United Americans, with a cavalcade from West Cambridge, and full delegations from all the towns which took part in the celebration, bearing appropriate banners, swelled its length, and the rear was brought up by a company of Continentallers, from Sudbury, under the command of Col. Ephraim Moore.

The procession marched to the Monument, at the old North Bridge, where, over the grave of the British soldiers buried there, the English ensign floated at half mast, while the American flag waved from the top of the shaft. On the opposite bank of the river, a company of minute-men, from Acton, numbering 120 guns, under the command of Col. W. E. Faulkner, saluted the procession with volley upon volley, fired over the spot where Davis fell. The old pine-tree flag floated over them, and it required but little effort of imagination to see in them their fathers, who, seventy-five years ago, on that very spot, "fired the shot heard round the world." The procession wheeled round the monument and marched back through the town, under a salute

of artillery of thirty guns, and one more for California, and about one o'clock reached the pavilion, near the Railroad station, where the ladies, to the number of five hundred, were already assembled.

The pavilion, made of canvass, drawn over a substantial frame work, erected for the first time, on this occasion, by Mr. John Wright, of Boston, was 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, and 33 feet high. It was divided across the centre by a raised platform, for the officers of the day and invited guests,—the section towards the entrance filled with seats for the accommodation of the audience, and the part in the rear of the platform occupied by the dinner tables. So spacious were its accommodations, that it furnished room for probably five thousand persons to hear the exercises, and also seats at the tables for about three thousand.

A magnificent Gobelin tapestry, representing, in vivid colors, "Fame blowing her trumpet," the property of W. W. Wheildon, Esq., was suspended over the centre of the platform, (enwreathed with the folds of the American ensign, conspicuous on which was the star of California,) so as to form a brilliant back ground to the rostrum.

EXERCISES AT THE PAVILION.

When the procession had passed in, the band played Washington's March.

The President of the day then called the assembly to order, and said:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—In accordance with the custom of our honored fathers in their day of peril and of trial, and in accordance with the reverent dictate of our own hearts, the services of the occasion will commence by invoking the blessing of heaven.

Rev. JAMES T. WOODBURY, of Acton, then made an impressive and appropriate prayer.

The following hymn was then sung to the tune of Old Hundred by the whole assembly:

Hymn. By Rev. JAMES FLINT, D. D., of Salem.

O God, supreme o'er earth and skies,
To Thee our fathers' suppliant eyes
Were rais'd for help, when loud the alarm
Of battle call'd the brave to arm.

Here, on this consecrated ground,
Where sleeps their martyr'd dust around,
Their sons exulting raise to Thee
Their grateful hymn of Jubilee.

The blood that dyed that day the field,
A nation's INDEPENDENCE seal'd ;
That blood sent up its cry to Thee,
A nation's pledge of Victory.

Our fathers' deeds, in deathless song,
Time in his course shall bear along ;
Their sons, still happy, brave, and free,
Shall owe their boundless debt to Thee.

The President then introduced the Orator of the Day, Hon. ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr. of Beverly, who delivered the Oration.

At the close of the Oration, the band played a march, and the audience were conducted by the marshals, through passages in the raised platform, to the other division of the pavilion, where tables were spread for over 3,000 persons.

A blessing was asked by the Chaplain, and, after three quarters of an hour spent in discussing the good cheer which was abundantly supplied, the Chief Marshal called to order, and the President addressed the company as follows:—

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—We are assembled this day to celebrate, by an act of solemn commemoration, the glorious deeds of our gallant fathers. The day when, seventy-five years ago, the power of England was first confronted in the field,—the day which the wisest of English statesmen considered decisive of the controversy,—the day which “made conciliation impossible, and independence certain,”—the day, to which Bunker Hill and the Fourth of July were but the natural and necessary consequences,—the proudest day—so it seems to me; is it not so?—the proudest day in American annals. The power of England, associated in the minds of the Colonists with every thing that was invincible and triumphant, was here first to be

encountered; and it was met with the stern determination of men who knew that they were doing battle for the right.

There was a bloodier conflict on Bunker Hill; the “*crowning mercies*” of Saratoga and Yorktown appeared doubtless to give a nearer and surer promise of independence and safety; to the military enthusiast, the “glories” of *foreign* battle fields may have seemed “unparalleled;” but American Liberty will still turn with the tenderest interest to stand by the grave of her first-born; the patriot will bend with more reverent sorrow where Freedom’s first martyrs moistened with their blood the green of Lexington;—and the heart of the soldier kindle with loftier emotion, where,—the men of Acton in the front,—the tide of invasion first rolled back from the old North Bridge of Concord!

We have in Middlesex the spots which this day has made illustrious; but it was a Massachusetts day; and it was a day that showed the spirit of Massachusetts, wherever the news spread, from one end of the State to the other. From Beverly to Dedham, from Charlestown to Chelmsford, there was not a man who was not ready to maintain with his musket, what the towns had resolved, and the Congress voted.

The County in which Hancock and Adams had chosen their place of refuge, where the stores for the Provincial army were deposited, where the Provincial Congress had but just adjourned, was perhaps the most dangerous road that the British troops could have taken with a hostile purpose;—but there was not a *safe* road led out of Boston that morning, nor one that the Regulars would not have found “down hill all the way back!”

It is not in a mere military spirit that we hallow the deeds of that day. There is a feeling, it must be acknowledged, in the breast of every man that admires heroic valor and self-sacrifice, wherever and in whatever cause displayed: how much more when on the side of liberty, and country, and home, and constitutional rights,—of all for which Buttrick, and Robinson, and Hosmer fought, and for which Jonas Parker and Isaac Davis fell! Our hearts respond to the stirring language of the ballad:

High praise from all whose gift is song,
To him in slaughter tried,
Whose pulses beat in battle strong,
As if to meet his bride;

High praise from every mouth of man,
 To all who boldly strive,
 Who fall where first the fight began,
 And ne'er go back alive.

But chief his fame be quick as fire,
 Be wide as is the sea,
 Who dares in blood and pangs expire,
 To keep his country free;
 To such, while homage nations bring,
 Shall praise in Heaven belong;
 The starry harps his praise shall ring,
 And chime to mortal song.

It was the CAUSE, IT WAS THE CAUSE, which made their deeds sacred, and has made their names immortal !

In the spirit of the occasion, therefore, of manly pride, of union, of fervent patriotism, I propose the first regular toast :

1. The 19th of April, 1775—Lexington Common and Concord North Bridge—Their fame belongs to all who manfully stood up that day, in their country's cause—too sacred to be the theme of local jealousy, their glory is our common inheritance.

Hon. RUFUS CHOATE responded to this sentiment. He said he should experience great pleasure in attempting to respond to sentiments so beautiful and so just, if he did not feel a difficulty in attempting to do so, which he dared say he shared with those around him, and that is this,—that under the influence of what he had this day seen and heard, his heart was so crowded full with emotions, his memory was so overburdened by details, his reason so impressed by the moral grandeur of the place and hour, that he was at once unable to say all that he could desire to say, and was equally unable to select upon any rational choice, what he would speak and what he would leave unsaid. It seemed to him a moment, not so much for words as thought; not so much a moment for speech, even of such eloquence as they had hung delighted upon to-day, as for meditation—as for thanksgiving to Almighty God—as for solitary tears—as a moment for emotions deeper than tears, personal, solitary and incommunicable. For one, at least, he felt that all he would desire to say or do would be only the honor to unite with the thousands present beneath that flag which floated over them, among all those old glorious symbols, upon that turf so recently wet with so much precious blood—unite with them in relieving their oppressed

hearts, by uniting in ejaculating that sentence, so simple and yet so replete with noble thought, which Samuel Adams uttered—“What a glorious morning is this!”

Mr. Choate then proceeded, with magic eloquence and power, to portray the stirring events immediately preceding and attendant upon the memorable events of April 19, 1775. No sketch could do him justice. Towards the close of his remarks he spoke mainly as follows:

That was a glorious morning, the 19th of April, 1775; and wherein, he would ask, consisted the specific, transcendent glories of that day? Wherein lies that strange charm that belongs to every thing connected with this place, its incidents and details? Why is it that our hearts grow liquid, and that we can pour them out as water, when we listen again to that old story, older than the words of our mothers' love, needing none of that brilliant genius which had that day touched their ears, to invest them with power which should never die?

Why was it so pleasant to come up here from the miserable strifes and bickerings of every-day life, to dwell and worship for a short space of time in such charmed presence as this? What is it that makes the specific, transcendent glory of the day? It was because it was an event so rare, so strange, so ominous of good or evil to future generations of man. It was from these instruments, and from these flags, borne by these trembling hands; it was that essence, so subtle, so rare, so extensive, so mysterious—that free, and that stirring spirit, the sentiment of American nationality, which was first breathed into the life of this people, and made to pour itself through and about the body of the people, and which should last until the heavens be no more.

Let then, he added, the events of which we are reminded by these scenes, and these men, mark the strong birthlove of the American people. On that day, within the space of twelve hours, the old colonial party passed away, like a scroll. The veil of the first temple was that day rent from top to bottom. That day, American Liberty was then and there born. Sir, our aged and revered friends of Concord, and Lexington, and Acton, of Carlisle, Sudbury and the surrounding towns, went into that battle British colonists; the baptism of fire was laid upon their

charmed brows, and they rose from their knees American citizens. The flag of Massachusetts, the pine-tree flag, that old flag, was carried into battle in the morning, and if the survivor who rolled it up that night had noticed it, he would have seen, gleaming through a blaze of light on one side, the pine-tree banner, and, on the other, the glorious stars and stripes.

Mr. Choate concluded his eloquent and fervid address, by offering as a sentiment :

THE SENTIMENT OF AMERICAN NATIONALITY—It woke to life on the 19th of April, 1775, on the banks of the Concord, and on the green of Lexington. It has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of America, until it holds together a brotherhood of twenty millions, and blends, as kindred drops, two oceans into one. Wrought into the intimate nature, composing a part of every drop of blood of every heart, the collisions of local interest and local feeling can no more displace it, than a thunder-gust, or a snow-storm in April, can dissolve the golden bands of gravitation that hold the worlds together. Let that sentiment of American Nationality be the first lesson taught to the infant in the cradle, and the last legacy of the old man departing.

The President then announced the second regular toast; observing that, first of the particular memories of this occasion, should ever be the names of the men, who first met the enemy in arms; who sealed with their blood their devotion to their country's cause at Lexington; the first martyrs of liberty :

2. Lexington and its first Martyrs—Parker, Munroe, Hadley, the Harringtons, Muzzy, Brown,—they were faithful unto death! they have received the crown of life.

Col. PHILIP RUSSELL, of Lexington, replied on behalf of the Lexington delegation, as follows:

Mr. President,—I rise in behalf of the Committee of the town of Lexington, to respond to the sentiment just announced, so complimentary to the town and to the memory of those patriotic citizens who fell on the 19th of April, 1775.

They were, in the language of your sentiment, “faithful unto death.” But in offering themselves on freedom’s first altar, they acted up to the spirit of that self-sacrificing age.

We look back with veneration upon that generation, and especially upon that patriotic band which appeared in the field in defence of their country’s rights. We remember with gratitude those who perished and those who survived.

One of that noble band has been spared to us, and is present

with us on this occasion, to receive the homage due to that generation. The citizens of Lexington have always felt a degree of pride in being associated with Concord in the events of the 19th of April, 1775. With us, our motto has been, "Lexington and Concord, Concord and Lexington." Nor would we forget our brethren of other towns, who, animated by the same spirit, came to our relief in the day of our peril as cheerfully as our friends meet us here on the day of our rejoicing.

We remember with emotion the sympathy extended and the aid rendered to us and to the cause of freedom by the patriots from Acton, Cambridge, Danvers, and other towns in the vicinity, who mingled their blood with ours on that occasion. To them, as well as to us, belongs the glory of that eventful day.

Mr. President, I will give as a sentiment :

The County of Middlesex.—The birth-place of American Freedom.

In introducing the third regular toast, the President alluded to the words of Capt. Isaac Davis, on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775;—"that he had a *right* to go to Concord on the King's highway, and that he *would* go to Concord, if he had to meet all the British troops in Boston." That dauntless heart was laid cold in death at the moment of victory.

He then gave :

3. Davis and Hosmer—

"In pride, in all the pride of woe,
We tell of them, the brave laid low,
Who for their birth-place bled!
In pride, the pride of triumph then,
We tell of them, the matchless men
From whom the invaders fled!"

To this toast, Hon. STEVENS HAYWARD briefly responded on behalf of the town of Acton.

The band played the air of "*The White Cockade*," which tradition has named as the tune to which Capt. Davis's company marched down to the bridge in 1775.

Hon. JOHN G. PALFREY was then introduced, and spoke substantially as follows :

Mr. President,—I thank you for detailing me to serve to-day as the lieutenant of my friend from Acton, though belonging to

one of the towns which came later into the field, on the day which we commemorate.

Sir, I like the poetry to which you have called upon us to speak. It is worthy of the occasion, worthy of the subject, worthy of CHARLES SPRAGUE, its author. But, perhaps from old professional habits and associations, I like the prose text which you repeated just now, still better. "Faithful unto death." It is as applicable to the martyrs of Acton as to those of Lexington, to whom you applied it. And as the representative of Lexington has had the first use of it, I dare say he will be willing that I should have the second, as Acton took up the British soldiers seventy-five years ago, when Lexington had done with them.

I suppose, Mr. President, that the sacred text which you repeated, well describes the courage called into action on that great historical day. "Faithful unto death." *Faithful*. In these latter days, we have made a cautious estimate of the quality called military courage, and we do not allow the same credit as was allowed in other times to every thing that goes by the name. Dr. Channing, as I remember, in an analysis which he makes of it according to its different sources, specifies courage from mental weakness, courage from ignorance, courage from a rigid fibre;—he speaks of soldiers, brave from want of reflection, brave from sympathy, brave from the thirst of plunder, and "especially brave, because the sword of martial law is hanging over their heads." Not such was the courage of the patriot soldiers to whose blessed memory you consecrate this occasion. No two things could be more different than the courage of Davis and Hosmer and their brave associates, and the courage of the mercenaries whom they put to disgraceful rout. No condition could be more unlike than that of the independent Middlesex farmers, who, on the 19th of April, '75, took up arms for their Massachusetts rights, for their old English liberties, and that of the hireling, who, for his "sixpence a day," is equally ready to shoot down whomsoever his captain bids, in the West Indies or in Ireland, in France or Hindostan. These yeoman warriors fought not for pay, nor for fighting's sake. They fought, to be "faithful" to a great and holy cause. In the high places of the field they were "faithful unto death," because a thorough faithfulness conducted to that extremity.

They went to the battle from Christian homes. Davis and Hosmer, the minister of Acton has just told me, were both sons of deacons of the church, and he further informs me that, at that time, there was only a single house in the town, in which family worship was not maintained. Davis himself, in the expressive language of the same authority, was "a man of prayer." The little which tradition has preserved of his proceedings on that morning, is not without its interest. Having issued orders for his company of minute-men to parade, after information of the approach of the British had reached Concord, he went home for his arms. Snatching a hasty repast, and taking down his accoutrements from his kitchen wall where they hung, he parted from his wife on the door-step, and turning back to say, "take care of the children," went his way. *Take care of the children.* I do not know whether it was some presentiment of what was coming, that dictated the words. But he was to take care of them no more. And if, as he spoke, a tear gathered in his manly eye, I am sure every parent here will be ready to forgive the weakness. It was the last moisture that ever filled the lids of Isaac Davis.

We next hear of him on the rising ground on the Acton side beyond the North Bridge, where his company, and three or four others from the neighboring towns, had collected by nine o'clock. The bridge was held by Captain Laurie's three companies of infantry, while Captain Parsons, with three more, had gone two miles further to Colonel Barrett's, on the Acton side, to destroy the stores. The American officers, Davis and the rest, held a brief council, the result of which was that they had a right to go down to Concord village, drums and muskets and all, and go they would, for the bridge was the king's and the county's highway, and nobody had a right to bar their passage. "I have not a man that's afraid to go," said Davis, as he turned away from the council to take his place at the right of his Acton comrades. Just now his lip had quivered, and his eye had filled, as he had left his door-stone. But that was the last weakness. He had left his children with their mother and with God,—the God of the widow, the Father of the fatherless. There was no dimness in the eye that glanced along the line of his faithful townsmen, and down to the shining platoons at the bridge. There was no

tremor on the lip,—it was firmly set,—that said, “I have n’t a man that’s afraid to go.” No! There was not an Acton man that had any such fear. With the story from Lexington just tingling in their ears, there was not an Acton woman that morning,—had that been their business,—there was not an Acton boy that would have been afraid to go, if, instead of Captain Laurie’s three companies, every regiment in King George’s blood-colored livery had beset the path.

The order was given to advance, and the column moved rapidly down the hill, to the tune of “The White Cockade,” which we have just now heard from the band. In its front was the Acton company, a post which Captain Davis is said to have solicited, because no company on the ground but his had bayonets, to match those of the enemy. Two or three guns, fired by the British into the water, as a warning, being disregarded, an effective volley followed, which brought him to the ground. He never breathed again. Here are the shoe-buckles which he wore on that day. They have just been handed to me by the Rev. Mr. Woodbury, to whom they were presented a few years ago by his aged widow.

By the side of Captain Davis, and at the same moment, fell Abner Hosmer, a private in his company. Their bodies, with that of their neighbor, James Hayward, killed, (I believe) at West Cambridge, in the afternoon, were taken that night to Captain Davis’s house, whence they were all three buried together, two or three days after. Hosmer was a young man,—I believe, a mere lad. But he was hardly missed the less for that, in the home where his infancy had been tended, and his youth had opened with fair promise. Still he died where and when he should, for he was “faithful unto death,” and there was consolation in that. So thought the “faithful” matrons of that time. No doubt, when the soldier’s last departing foot-fall had been heard, and the arms that had just clasped him were raised to Heaven in prayer by the forsaken hearth, there was breathed a supplication that the God of battles would hold over him the shield of His protection. But more earnest than even that, was the entreaty that he might be approved in the sight of God, and known of men, as faithful to his duty,—“faithful,” if need should be, “unto death.”

And, Mr. President, unless I greatly err, this conscientious, this religious element, has been the leading characteristic of the military courage of New England, through all its history. It has not been recklessness. It has not been thirst of blood. It has not been lust of rapine. It has not been even ambition of martial glory. It has been simply "faithfulness;" faithfulness to the end,—whether to victory or to death. I said, it had not been ambition of martial glory. And I think that in the apparent total absence of this feature from the history of our wars there is something well deserving of notice. There is a set of phrases common elsewhere in military despatches, as well as in military memoirs, popular harangues, funeral tributes, and so on. They are such phrases as "martial renown," "a soldier's fame," "glory won in arms," and the like. I think our New England documents would be searched for them absolutely in vain. We of Massachusetts have done a good deal of fighting in our day; I wish that, especially with the poor Indians, we had done much less. We had stirring times with the native tribes, and in the dreadful French wars; we were busy at Louisburg, at Havana, at Martinique; at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Yorktown, we had work in hand that tried men's mettle. Can any one show me that any sentiment of mere military ambition ever prompted the New England men who acted in those scenes? He who has found a trace of that comparatively vulgar sentiment, is deeper read in our annals than I am, which, to be sure, may not be saying much. He who will show it, will give me a new lesson in New England history. No! *Faithfulness*, "faithfulness unto death," and not the mere craving of any honor to be gained by slaughter, has been in all times the animating impulse of New England valor. Even old Ethan Allen, of Vermont, was no exception. He was no Christian,—the more is the pity. But he took up arms, not for glory, but for right. And he was a man of sense, and he understood the temper of his men, at any rate, if he did not for the time enter into it, and sympathize with it. When he woke the slumbering garrison of Ticonderoga, one fine May morning, with a summons to surrender, and was asked in whose name he made the demand, he said it was in the name of "the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." From old habit and use, if for nothing else, the name of "the great Je-

hovah," or some reference to it, could hardly be spared from so much as the countersign of a New England regiment.

Apparent through the whole of our history, never did this grave, reflecting, law-loving, God-fearing character of New England courage appear more conspicuously, than in the course of those events which we to-day commemorate. It is known to you, Mr. President, that when, in the summer of 1774, the two Acts of Parliament arrived, which amounted to a virtual abrogation of the Massachusetts charter, and when a convention of four counties at Boston advised the assembling of a Provincial Congress, and other decisive measures, the County of Middlesex was the first which responded to the call. In three days after it was issued,—so rapid was the movement,—a hundred and fifty delegates, from the Middlesex towns, assembled here at Concord, and adopted the boldest measures in furtherance of the object. No one town was unrepresented, and the delegates were chosen at legal town meetings, so that an article for the elections must have been in the warrant, and the remarkable fact is disclosed that the friends of freedom were in a majority in every town. The report and resolves adopted on that occasion, breathed, in eloquent terms, precisely that spirit of Christian courage, of "faithfulness unto death," to which I have referred. I am tempted to quote from them, but I will not venture on it, as, in repeating from memory, I might make some change in the language, where any change would be a blemish.

What followed the battle is curiously illustrative of the same matter. The 19th day of April was given to fighting; on the 22d they proceeded to take depositions. The men who, on the 19th, had "lined with a continuous fire" the British race-course of twenty miles from Concord to Charlestown, after cooling their blood with a few nights' rest, came into court, in their Sunday suits, as quiet as lambs and as sober as judges, to make affidavit *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, that there might be a permanent record of how things had gone. I recollect the irrepressible amusement which, some years ago, I afforded to a Southwestern statesman, of great national celebrity, by telling him of this fact. He made me tell it over again,—it was so inexpressibly droll to him to think of people, hardly cool from the sublime rage of "the battle of the minute-men," telling their story under cross

examination on the witnesses' stand. It did not meet his Kentucky notions of the proper and natural sequence of things, that such a fight as that should be ended in a Justices' Court. But I ventured to hint to him, that it was just this love of law, this reverence for right, this perfect loyalty to justice and principle, which made our people able to fight that battle. They had been able to defend the right so valiantly, because they had kept themselves sure of having the right on their side; and that they had kept the right on their side, they wanted to show to the world and to posterity. It concerned their sense of character to prove that they were not the assailants, that they did not give the first fire. If, when given, they returned it, if they returned it with interest, if they returned it with compound interest, if they returned it in a way that the assailants had not bargained for, they were not responsible for that. The responsibility was on those minions of arbitrary power, whether in high or low degree, who had forgotten that the rights of Massachusetts free-men were written in their charter, and the blood of Massachusetts Puritans was coursing in their veins.

But, Mr. President, I am abusing the patience with which I have been honored. Let me only add a word to say, that above all other kinds of courage whatever, for any use whatever, give me the good old-fashioned religious courage, the "faithfulness unto death," of Puritan Massachusetts. In preference to any other kind of courage, give me this, not only for superior purity and rectitude, but for energy, for efficiency, for constancy, for *bottom*, for work. For any use whatever,—to smooth the pillow, and hold the cooling draught to the lips, of contagious sickness, or to battle with the midnight conflagration,—in the storm of angry debate, in the hour of critical counsel for a nation's welfare, or "on the perilous edge of battle when it rages," give me, above all other kinds of courage, that of the man who fears God so much that it is impossible for him to fear any thing else,—the faith-inspired courage that nerved those "faithful" men, who, for the right and their country, took their lives in their hand on the ever memorable day we celebrate.

The President said,—

I have now to announce a toast to which you will all do honor.

It refers to men, whose infirmities will not permit them, though present with us to-day, to speak for themselves. There are but two survivors of the day we are met to celebrate, still among the living :—

JONATHAN HARRINGTON, of *Lexington*, of the age of 92, and

AMOS BAKER, of *Lincoln*, of the age of 94; and they are both upon the platform. The palsy of age is this day upon them, on whose youthful vigor, 75 years ago, the destinies of America depended.

Jonathan Harrington was on the green at Lexington in the morning, a member of Captain Parker's company. He was a *siffer*,—and I wish that about these times we could have a little more of the same music!

Amos Baker was at Concord North Bridge, in the forenoon, and is the only man living who bore arms on that day. He saw the Regulars come to the Bridge, and *he saw them leave it!*

Mr. Harrington will give you a sentiment; and as Mr. Baker cannot make himself heard, I will say for him what he said to me yesterday :

“When we had returned the fire of the British at the Bridge, Noah Parkhurst, of Lincoln, who was my right hand man, said to me, ‘Now the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end.’”

Mr. Baker made another statement, in the correctness of which you would probably all agree with him. He said, “I verily believe I felt better that day, take it all the day through, than I should if I had stayed at home;” and this seems to be his deliberate opinion, after having had seventy-five years to think of it!

The two veterans then stood up, and were received with a succession of cheers upon cheers, which lasted for some minutes, when the fourth regular toast was read :

4. The surviving Soldiers of the 19th of April, 1775—*Jonathan Harrington and Amos Baker*. Thank God, that in the glory and beauty of our harvest, there are still left to us some of those who sowed the seed.

The Chief Marshal, Col. I. H. WRIGHT, then read the following toast, given by *Jonathan Harrington*, and written by his own hand :

"The 19th of April, 1775. All who remember that day will stand by the Constitution of the United States."

The fifth regular toast was then announced :

5. Our Ancient Commonwealth—a child born of good parents, but left early with the Massachusetts Indians ; and though forced to feed her children from a clam bake in the sand ; to raise Indian corn and pumpkins ; to fish all about the bay between the North and South Poles ; to spin a little cotton at Lowell and Lawrence ; and to truck a little in Yankee notions all along from Cape Cod to Canton—she has raised a large family, and laid up something against a rainy day.

His Excellency GOVERNOR BRIGGS, addressed the company in response to this toast, substantially as follows :

Mr. President,—The sentiment in honor of our ancient Commonwealth, which you have just announced, speaks for itself. It requires no response from me.. As children, we all love and honor her, and I trust it will not be deemed improper on this occasion for me to say that her character and history, from the time of her provincial dependence to the present time, and her standing among her sister states, entitles her to the love and reverence of her children. But, sir, if, upon the great theme which this day fills all our hearts, I had any thing to say when I came here, let me tell you, the all-grasping reapers who have preceded me, have taken it all away.

. Far back in distant ages, when a Moabitish stranger went into the field of one of the notables of the land of Canaan "to glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves," the lord of the harvest commanded his reapers to let the damsel "glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not." I wish these gentlemen had shown a little of the humanity and kindness of that oriental landholder. Why, sir, in my solicitude I have been searching the field, and can find scarcely a head of wheat left. There is, however, one thing which they have not said, in connection with the 19th of April, 1775. They did not state the historic fact, that the incursion of the British army on that day was the first and last time, since Massachusetts has had a political existence, that a foreign enemy had penetrated so far into her territory. This is a truth which her people may regard with pride and gratitude. Few states, nearly two hundred and fifty years old, can say as much. I trust the result of that experiment will admonish her enemies, if enemies she shall ever

have, that the experiment had better not be repeated. That proud legion of loyalists expected, as they advanced, to see the pale and trembling rebels shrink and flee before them. Great was their disappointment. Sir, what a day was that for Massachusetts ! Well did Samuel Adams exclaim, when he heard the volley at Lexington, " Oh, what a glorious morning is this!"—words of prophecy and patriotism. They will be repeated with enthusiastic awe, and inspire the lovers of freedom to the latest generations. Mr. President, I wish that venerable old man, who this moment stood before these assembled thousands, could rehearse in our hearing the thrilling incidents of that auspicious morning. When on a visit to Lexington last winter, one who participated in those incidents told me, that, on the bright moonlight evening which preceded the 19th of April, while returning to his father's house, for he had been out fising for a company of boys, he met several British officers on horseback, who preceded the army which came before the rising sun. After reaching home and retiring to bed, about one o'clock, his mother, calling to him from the chamber door, said, "*Jonathan, you must get up; the Regulars are coming; something must be done!*" The hoary headed patriarch who has just retired from your sight, was the boy who, by his more than Spartan mother, seventy-five years ago, was summoned to get up in the dead of night, to "do something, for the Regulars were coming!" Jonathan got up; what do you think he did? What could a boy sixteen years old do in such an emergency? I'll tell you what he did. He went out and blew that shrill little fife, to alarm the neighbors, rally the minute-men, and call the patriots together. Mothers of Massachusetts, do you hear that! Young men of Massachusetts, do you hear that! "The Regulars are coming!" And who are the Regulars? They are the embodied power of the British Kingdom, the armed representatives of the British King, disciplined, brave and obedient soldiers, commanded by gallant and heroic officers, advancing, in the stillness of the night, to drive back the rebels and seize upon their military stores in a neighboring town. At the approach of such an army, at that awful hour, we hear the voice of an American mother, calling her boy to leave his bed, "to get up and do something." Before he saw the sun on that bright and ominous morning, he stood by the side

of the stout-hearted Parker, at the head of his company on Lexington green, and roused the martial blood of his countrymen by the piercing notes of his spirit-stirring fife. There he stood with the little band of armed freemen, hastily called together, in the very presence of British legions. He saw the dauntless Pitcairn at their head. He heard the order given to load with powder and balls, and saw it executed. He saw them march up with an imperious and threatening air. He heard the words, "Rebels, disperse! Rebels, lay down your arms!" He saw the flash, the smoke, and heard the sharp report of the guns which broke the stillness of that first morning of the American revolution. Yes, sir, he was in the midst of that great scene. Those eyes, now dimmed with the vision of an hundred years, saw it; those ears, dulled by the din of a century, heard it; that heart, now feebly beating in his aged bosom, felt it.

The first martyrs in the great cause of their country, fell at Lexington, and the fratricidal host marched on to Concord.

Faithful couriers and deep-toned bells aroused the patriots of Concord and the adjoining towns, who had heard of the massacre of their neighbors, and were prepared to meet the approaching foe. At the old North Bridge, that foe again fired upon the peaceful yeomanry of Massachusetts, while firmly standing in defence of their rights. The blood of other victims gushed out and flowed upon the soil; the fire was returned, and two British soldiers fell. The enemy hastily retreated. Here sits Amos Baker, the sole survivor of that memorable fight. That arm, now enfeebled by age, then youthful and strong, helped to drive back the enemies of his country. Thank heaven, that these two only remaining actors in the scenes of that day, the one at Lexington and the other at Concord, are here to heighten the interest of this seventy-fifth anniversary. They are here for the last time, and the youth who now look upon them, will, in their old age, relate with patriotic emotion, to the children of a generation not yet born, the wonderful fact, that they saw in 1850, two soldiers who fought at Lexington and Concord. When, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Samuel Adams heard the guns, he exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" Early in the same morning, as General Warren landed at Charlestown from the ferry boat, which had brought him over from Boston, on being

asked what he thought of the political prospect of the times, replied, "Keep up a brave heart; *they* have begun it—that either party could do; *we'll* end it—that only one can do." A soldier at Concord said, "The war is now begun,—the Lord only knows when it will end."

This remarkable sentiment, uttered by noble patriots on the same day, in different places, shows how the spirit of freedom pervaded the hearts of the people of Massachusetts. It was a glorious day for Lexington, and Concord, and Middlesex, for Massachusetts and the thirteen British colonies. It was a glorious day for liberty, for patriotism, for humanity. Every blow struck for liberty amongst men, since the 19th of April, 1775, has but echoed the guns of that eventful morning.

Mr. President, I give you as a sentiment:

"*The Nineteenth of April, 1775*, with the prophetic and patriotic exclamation of Samuel Adams, when he heard the guns at Lexington, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!"

A volunteer sentiment was handed to the chair, and announced as coming from the reporter of the "Boston Post," but has since been ascertained to have been the production of C. W. STOREY, Esq., Clerk of the House of Representatives. It was received with great applause:

"When Jonathan Harrington got up that morning, at the call of his mother, a distinguished relative of his got up at the same time, BROTHER JONATHAN—but *his* mother did not call *him*!"

The sixth regular toast followed:

- 6. The President of the United States and our National Union.

In introducing the seventh regular toast, the President of the day said:

It is the commandment of God, "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother."

No Englishman is an invited guest, nor would it be consistent with the proprieties of the occasion that any should be present at our festival; but we have not met here to-day with feelings of bitterness. We come to indulge in no vulgar animosity,—to revive no ancient feud. We would remember in kindness, with honor, with filial pride, our mother country. Stern and rugged

as we found her at times, we drew from her breast the health of our infancy, and the vigor of our youth. The men of the Revolution declared to the world that they were contending for the liberties of *Englishmen*.

In the south aisle of Westminster Abbey,—under those majestic arches where England for ages

“Has garnered up her great,”

where repose her princes and her nobles, her warriors and her statesmen, surrounded by the memorials which national pride and national gratitude have raised to the saints and martyrs, the orators and poets, the patriots and heroes of a thousand years,—there stands a marble monument. It was erected to the memory of Lord Howe, general of the British forces in North America, who died on the march to Ticonderoga in 1758; and was placed there,—as the inscription tells us,—“by royal permission, by his Majesty’s Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England.” Among the figures which it bears is an allegorical personage, whose embodied presence I do not remember to have met with elsewhere:

THE GENIUS OF THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY!

It moves the imagination, to contemplate the Genius of our State thus assuming a place in that treasure-house of England’s renown. But may it not be fearlessly claimed, and worthily held? Might she not look round upon those who sleep beneath, with a kindred spirit, conscious that she had never done discredit to the English name? Has not the Genius of Massachusetts an honest right, does she not find a fitting place, in Westminster Abbey, as among the heroic spirits which the English race has nurtured?

I confess it seems to me, that if the stern and lofty virtues of the Pilgrims, if Louisburg and Quebec were not enough, the memories of Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, might suffice forever to vindicate the claim—

“Her father’s blood before her father’s face,
Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race!”

May we not here at least assert that we have not dishonored our lineage?

I give you as a toast :

7. England—Our Mother Country. We have cause to speak well of our stock. The reason why the Essex and Middlesex farmers could front the power of England was, that they had good West of England blood in their veins. We had half of England to sympathize with us through the war; and our fathers could afford to part with Old England, for they had established a *New England* in the West.

The band played “God save the Queen,” and the President said :

I have the pleasure and the honor to introduce to you a gentleman, who, next to the men whose deeds in arms we commemorate, has done the most to give celebrity to the 19th of April, the Honorable EDWARD EVERETT.

Mr. Everett rose amidst prolonged cheers, and replied to the seventh regular toast as follows :

When I rose this morning, Mr. Chairman, the state of my health and of the weather was such, that I feared it would not be in my power to avail myself of your kind invitation. But since my arrival here I have so much enjoyed the patriotic excitement of the day and the place; it has gratified me so much to visit again these hallowed scenes; I have listened with so much pleasure to the eloquent discourse of the orator of the day, and to the interesting and impassioned addresses which have been made at the table, that I am quite ready, with our venerable friend near me (Mr. Amos Baker,) to say that, “all things considered, I feel much better here than if I had staid at home.”

It is truly gratifying to one, sir, who has taken the interest that I have in former celebrations of this anniversary, an interest to which you have had the goodness to allude in such kind terms, to come back and revive the recollections of earlier days. The familiar but freshly told tale of the 19th of April, 1775, as narrated by the orator, falls like music on my ear. I gaze with respectful admiration on these venerable men, the survivors, the few and sole survivors, of the eventful day, in which they bore so honorable a part. One of them, (Mr. Jonathan Harrington) who has this moment been assisted from the platform, “filled the fife” on that morning of peril and glory at Lexington. The Governor has just narrated to you the incident, whose heroic simplicity is unsurpassed in the annals of liberty. While I was helping that infirm old man a few minutes since to draw on his

outer garment, as I saw him trembling with years, the arm which held the fife on the 19th of April, 1775, now so feeble and nerveless, I was ready to exclaim, since we have been alluding to him by the Christian name, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

I suppose, Mr. Chairman, that I am indebted for the honor of being called upon to respond to the last toast, to the circumstance that a few years ago I was the minister of the United States in England. My residence there gave me full opportunity of becoming acquainted with the feelings existing in that country towards the United States. I have much pleasure in saying that they are in harmony with those expressed in the toast toward England. The events of this day have there passed into the calm region of history. From the highest personages in the kingdom and the government, through all the circles of society in which I had the means of observation, I witnessed nothing but indications of good will toward the people of this country. I therefore rejoice, sir, that you have guarded against any interpretation of the proceedings of this day, inconsistent with a similar feeling on our part toward the parent country. I was pleased to see the English flag at half mast over the spot where the two British soldiers fell at the North Bridge on the 19th April. I was gratified to hear the liberal sentiment of the orator, that the account of hostilities was long since closed, and that between the two kindred countries the future struggle should be for pre-eminence in the arts of peace. I hold indeed, sir, that duty to those, who met the perils of the 19th April, 1775, and put all to risk for the liberties of themselves and their children, requires that the great events of that day should be kept in fresh remembrance. I feel it to be impossible, that we who inhabit these classical fields of our country's freedom, who have seen and known some of the leading actors of the great drama, should ever be insensible to its interest. But I am sure that you, sir, and this intelligent company, agree with me in thinking, that we shall greatly mistake the proper object of these commemorations, if we made them the occasion of cherishing any unkind or bitter feeling toward the country between which and ourselves there are bonds of kindness and grounds of friendship such as never existed between any two other nations.

Why, sir, even at that moment of extreme exasperation, which preceded the breaking out of the war, there were men in England, and those of the highest note for talent, station, and character, who entertained the most friendly feelings toward the colonies and their cause. The most eloquent voices in parliament were heard on our side. When the stamp act, in 1765, was received with a burst of opposition from one end of this continent to the other, Lord Chatham declared that he rejoiced that America had resisted. It was less than a month before the commencement of hostilities, that Burke pronounced that truly divine oration on "Conciliation with America," which, in my poor judgment, excels every thing, in the form of eloquence, that has come down to us from Greece or Rome. Less than a month it was, before the 19th of April, 1775, that he said, "My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and from equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron." These kindly words and more like them were uttered on the 22d of March. On the 19th of April the curtain rose on that mighty drama in the world's history, of which the quiet villages of Lexington and Concord were the appointed theatre. When that day's tidings reached England they went to many a generous heart. I often heard in that country a gentleman of great literary eminence, (I wish it were proper to repeat his name,) say, that when the news of the 19th April arrived in England, his father, with a sorrowful countenance, announced it to the family assembled at prayers. He then ordered a suit of full mourning. Some one asked him if he had lost a friend,—a relative. "Yes," was the answer, "many friends, many brethren, at one blow, in Lexington and Concord, in America."

I do not of course mean, sir, that liberal men in England, in 1775, were in favor of the independence of America. This was a result (I hardly need say) to which but a few of the more ardent even of our patriots had arrived. But as soon as the necessity of this consummation was apparent, it was embraced on the other side of the water quite as readily as could have been expected. Even the prime minister, Lord North, whom we have been accustomed to regard, on this side of the Atlantic, as the

great promoter and the inflexible prosecutor of the war, was desirous, two or three years before that event took place, to retire from the ministry, that he might be succeeded by those who could consistently make peace with the United States. This fact was brought to light a few years since, by the extracts from the notes of George III. to Lord North, published in the appendix to the sixth volume of President Sparks's edition of the writings of Washington. I had the opportunity, while in England, of seeing all of that correspondence, which has been preserved in Lord North's family, and the fact alluded to is beyond question. It was the personal and urgent appeals of the king to Lord North which alone induced the latter to remain in office. It must be admitted that these facts place in no very favorable light the inflexibility of the king and the compliance of the minister. But we all remember that when President Adams, senior, was presented to George III. as the first minister of the United States to England, the king magnanimously said, "I was the last man, Mr. Adams, to wish the independence of your country; but I will be the first to respect it."

I have alluded to the stamp act, with which, in many points of view, the American Revolution begins. You recollect, I dare say, sir, in that admirable speech of Burke, to which I have referred, that he vindicates the colonies from the reproach of having turned the great issues of civil liberty into a money question. He reminds the House of Commons that "the great contests of freedom in England were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing," and it was, as I have said, from the ill-starred project of Mr. George Grenville, to raise a revenue from America, (not, however, I believe, original with him,) that the first movements of the American Revolution sprung. We have been gratified this morning with a sight of several relics of those days, of various kinds and great interest; and I have thought, sir, you might be pleased with the inspection of one which will at least have the interest of novelty: I mean a specimen of that ever memorable stamped paper which, considering its great influence in bringing on the American Revolution, has played as important a part in human affairs as any paper that was ever made. We may almost call it, as Pliny the elder does the paper made of the Egyptian papyrus, *res qua constat immortalitas hominum.* I hold a half crown stamp in my hands. How

I got it, sir, I believe I shall not tell you. It is sufficient to say that I came by it honestly and without infringing any man's rights, which is saying a good deal considering what it is.

Yes, sir, that bit of dingy blue paper, stamped with the two and sixpence sterling, created the United States of America, and cost Great Britain the brightest jewel in her crown; an event however which, in all things except the precious blood that was shed in the contest and the sufferings of a seven years' war, was the greatest blessing, in reference both to political and material interests, which could have fallen to the lot of either country. The continued subjection of America to the restrictions of the colonial system, (even if our fathers had carried the points immediately at issue,) would have produced a prolonged state of feverish agitation and ever reviving controversy utterly inconsistent with any wholesome social progress. On the other hand, the policy pursued by England, if crowned with temporary success, would have been attended or followed by the prostration of the barriers of liberty in that country. The prophecy of Lord Chatham would unquestionably have been fulfilled: "If America falls, she will fall like the strong man, embracing the pillars of state, and drag down the constitution along with her." As to the material interests promoted by the separation, while the progress of America, since the adoption of the constitution, exceeds in rapidity any thing recorded in history, that of England, (notwithstanding the tremendous shock of the wars of the French revolution and the load of debt entailed by those wars upon her,) has been scarcely less astonishing than our own. I suppose there is no period of English history, in which she has grown so much in numbers, wealth, and extent of dominion, as that which has elapsed since the recognition of our independence. All that could have been wrung from us by the blue paper is but an insignificant trifle compared with the rich harvest of our mutually beneficial commerce.

It cannot of course be necessary in this place, before this audience; especially after what we have heard from the orator of the day, to defend the principles of the American Revolution, first sealed with blood as they were on the 19th of April, 1775. The American state papers of that day have become the Pandects of civil liberty throughout the world. To wars of ag-

gression I am vehemently opposed. They are remnants of savage barbarism, and disgrace our Christian civilization. But when a war of self-defence, a war for those rights which make it life to live, is forced upon a people, it must be manfully met. That our revolutionary contest was such a war is now admitted by the consent of mankind. That the demands of our fathers were reasonable is shown by the fact, that concessions, far beyond those demands, have been made by Great Britain to all her colonies deemed capable of free institutions. Our neighbors in Canada are in the full enjoyment of a responsible government. The royal governor is instructed to select his ministers, not from the party favorable to the crown, but from the party which possesses the majority in the provincial parliament. The crown, in a recent and most remarkable case, has refused to interpose its veto on a measure carried by the popular party in that parliament; and what may be regarded as throwing down the last buttress of the colonial system, the great Navigation Act, (the real if not the avowed cause of the American Revolution,) has within a twelvemonth been repealed. The colonies are now permitted to trade with foreign countries as freely as with England. In a speech of great ability in the British House of Commons, at the present session of parliament, the prime minister (Lord John Russell) is reported to have said: "On looking back to the origin of that unhappy contest, (the American Revolution) I cannot but think it was not a single error, or a single blunder which got us into that contest, but a series of repeated errors and repeated blunders; of a policy asserted and then retreated from,—again asserted and then concessions made when they were too late, and of obstinacy when it was unseasonable. I believe it was by such a course we entered into that unhappy contest, with what were, at the beginning of it, loyal provinces of England."*

It is twenty-five years, sir, to-day, since I first had the honor of addressing my fellow-citizens at this place and exerting myself, to the best of my ability, to freshen the recollections of the momentous day. Twenty-five years are a great space in the life of an individual; but we are accustomed to regard it as a

* Lord John Russell's Speech on the Colonial Question, on the 8th of February, 1850.

brief period in the life of a state. But even in the life of the country, if length of time is measured by the magnitude of the events crowded into it, one might say that America had lived an age in this quarter of a century. In 1825 we had but twenty-four States. We have now thirty, and the thirty-first, our latest born sister California,—with her golden locks,—is advancing across the continent with youthful but vigorous step. Presenting herself at the door of the Union with her self-imposed, rather let me say self-conferred, restriction,—a richer treasure than all her mines,—she is knocking for admission with a claim not long to be resisted. When I addressed you in 1825, the population of the United States amounted to about 11,000,000. It is believed that the enumeration of the present year will carry it to 24,000,000. Yes, sir, within this period of twenty-five years, since some of us now present (alas, sir, that I must say *some* only,) were assembled to lay the corner-stone of yonder monument, a new nation of 13,000,000, not then in being, has grown up within our borders, to whom, as well as to ourselves, a precious heritage of political liberty was bequeathed by the men of 1775. The few of us who shall assemble here in 1875, (they will be very few indeed, sir, of those who have reached my age,) at the close of the full century, will be citizens of a kindred nation of fifty millions.

On one condition, however, to which I cannot but allude. There is no law of our nature which makes such a national growth, or any growth, a matter of absolute necessity under all circumstances. I received by the last steamer, a pamphlet written by a member of the French chamber of deputies, on “the Decline of France.”* He states that the population of France, when she went into her revolution in 1789, was thirty millions; when she came out of it in 1816 it was but thirty millions. In twenty-seven years, in which the United States more than doubled their population, France had not added a unit to her numbers, and yet, with the exception of the first six or seven years, it was what is called a prosperous period; at any rate, a period of victory and glory. What was the cause of this stationary condition of a country,

* De la Décadence de la France, par M. Raudot, (De l'Yonne) membre de l'assemblée législative, Paris, 1850.

seated like France in the centre of Europe, and possessing all the material elements of prosperity, in a greater degree, than almost any other country in that quarter of the globe? The secret is soon told. The flower of her population was annually decimated. The ripened grain does not more regularly fall in its season beneath the reaper's sickle, than the flower of her young men was annually mowed down by the ruthless scythe of the conscription. The car of Napoleon rolled indeed in triumph over conquered Europe:

“O'er shields and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty dynasties prostrate,”

but the bleaching bones of his subjects strewed the pathway from the frozen clods of the North to the burning sands of Syria.

We are safe from foreign invasion. What the most powerful state in Europe could not do in 1775, when our numbers fell short of three millions, is not likely to be attempted again, now that they have reached eight times that number, and are increasing with a rapidity which it makes the head giddy to calculate. No, sir, the wars which we have to dread, the wars, if any such to chastise our sins, are lying in wait for us in the store-house of Providence, (a catastrophe which heaven avert) will be wars of aggression, or wars in which our foes will be those of our own political household. A higher than human wisdom has taught us, that every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and if ever this more than kingdom of ours,—this imperial family of States, spread out between the two great oceans of the globe,—

“Bridging the way, Europe with Asia joined,”

to gather as it were into her bosom the riches of both hemispheres and either sea; I say, sir, if this mighty family of States, in the Providence of God and by the madness of men, shall ever be divided against itself, it will be brought to desolation. Along this curiously-indented frontier of neighboring States, fitted, dove-tailed into each other like the fingers of hands approaching in friendship, the line of demarcation will soon be run with blood and fire. Our mighty rivers, that bear the world's commerce east and west from the Atlantic coast to the interior, or which

sparkling down the continent from North to South,—as if the great circles of the globe were chased in living silver along its surface,—these stupendous rivers which spring from arctic snows and pour into the sea beneath the tropics, will become like the rivers of the old world, the Rhine and the Danube, the Euphrates and the Indus, the boundaries of alien and hostile races, whose eternal border wars have fixed upon their necks the eternal yoke of military despotism. This it was which, in the morning of the world, brought the beaming forehead of Asia, queen of nations, cradle of mankind, to the dust. This it was that struck down the shortlived civilization of Greece and Rome, and overwhelmed it with a millenium not of grace but of barbarism. And if I read aright the signs of the times, it is this which is even now shaking the social system of continental Europe to its foundation. Is it not plain as day, that if Germany on the one hand and Italy on the other had been united in well compacted constitutional confederations, resting on an historical basis,—cemented by a common national feeling,—and possessing tribunals for the amicable adjustment of public controversies, instead of referring them to the bloody and abominable umpirage of war, that Hungary and Lombardy, and Rome, and Sicily, instead of being trampled under the iron hoof of foreign and despotic power, might at this moment have been enjoying all the blessings of freedom and peace? And if we, blessed by the wisdom of our forefathers with such a safeguard against anarchy and war, should rashly cast it away, what words of condemnation will adequately describe our folly?

The laws of human nature, like those of the physical universe, are the same in both hemispheres. Like causes will produce like effects. Our fathers, in the days that tried men's souls, grasped at a union of the colonies as the ark of their safety. They formed a union in the act of declaring their independence. They formed a union before they attempted a constitution. This was

“The hoop of gold to bind their brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
As force per force the age will pour it in,
Should never leak though it do work as strong
As aconitum.”

But I forbear, sir, to enlarge upon this all-important theme, and I offer you as a toast, in taking my seat :

The 19th of April, 1775, and the principles of constitutional freedom which our fathers sealed with their blood; may they be peacefully diffused throughout the world, till every human being shall partake the blessing.

The President of the day then said :

Before announcing the next toast, there is much which it would be proper to say, much which it is not pleasant to me to leave unsaid, but for which the time will not suffice. There are many towns who deserve an honorable mention on this occasion, to whose citizens belongs no inconsiderable share of the glory which has been attached to the names of Lexington and Concord.

The hardest fighting of the day was in *Lincoln* and *West Cambridge*. *Danvers*, although nearly the farthest from the line of march, lost more men than any other town but Lexington.

There is an anecdote of the Roxbury company, which I had from the learned and venerable Chief Justice of the Commonwealth, (who I am sorry to say is not here to add dignity and interest to our festival) and which was told him by the late Mr. John Parker, a member of the company. When the alarm was given in the morning, and the company mustered, the first thing they did was to march two miles *in the opposite direction*, to the house of the Rev. Dr. Gordon, *to attend prayers!* But they reached the scene of action in time to vindicate their character for *patriotism* as well as *piety*, by losing a man in the afternoon.

The first *trophy* of the Revolution was taken by a citizen of Lincoln. *Col. Abijah Pierce* was the colonel of the regiment of minute-men. He had been but recently chosen to that office, had not provided himself with equipments, and came up to Concord in the morning, armed with nothing but a stout cane. He went with the Lincoln company to the North Bridge, and when the Regulars were repulsed, armed himself with the gun of one of the British soldiers who was killed by the first fire, and used it during the day in the pursuit to Lexington and West Cambridge. It was preserved for nearly fifty years in his family and by his descendants.

You may see on the table before me, the powder-horn of

Isaac Parker, of Chelmsford, who wore it at the North Bridge ; and a fragment of the shirt in which *Reuben Kenniston*, of Beverly, was killed, which was preserved with pious care by his wife. The holes through it have decayed from the *blood-stains*, which were left unefaced.

There is a story to be told of the men of Woburn, of Reading, of Needham, of Sudbury, of Westford ;—but, to include all, I can but offer as the eighth regular toast :

8. The Towns whose citizens took part in the deeds of the 19th of April, 1775. There was “a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit.”

A toast was received in reply from JAMES RUSSELL, Esq., of West Cambridge :

“The memory of Jason Russell, Jason Winship, and Jabez Wyman, citizens of West Cambridge, with nine other American citizens, whose names and places of residence are unknown, who fell martyrs to liberty at West Cambridge, on the day we are now assembled to commemorate.”

The ninth regular toast was then given :

9. “The Legislature of Massachusetts—Incorruptible in its numbers, popular in its origin and its sympathies, conservative by its intelligence ;—its members do well to refresh their patriotism by a draught from the fountain head.”

Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, President of the Senate, responded briefly to this sentiment, in behalf of that branch. He said that after the eloquent address and the soul-stirring speeches to which we had listened, and at this late hour when he expected every moment the bell of the cars would summon him to return to the city, and when he was anxious that the Speaker also should have an opportunity to be heard in behalf of the House, he did not believe any thing which he could offer would add either to the enjoyment or interest of the occasion. After a few appropriate remarks, he concluded with the following sentiment :

Lexington and Concord—Twin Sisters. On the 19th of April, 1775, they sprinkled the altar of Freedom with the blood of their sons. May their memories be embalmed in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, and may their praise be sung by the myriads of happy freemen who shall yet join in the pean of universal liberty.

The Hon. E. H. KELLOGG, Speaker of the House of Representatives, followed with some remarks, and a toast.

Mr. Kellogg said :

Mr. PRESIDENT,—If the rail-car bells do not ring too quick, I shall be most happy to avail myself, for a moment, of the official privilege that happens to attach to me, to thank the citizens of Concord and neighboring towns, in behalf of Massachusetts, for allowing her, in her most popular representative capacity, to partake in the patriotic joys of this occasion. We rejoice, sir, that we are allowed on this sacred day to tread with you these sacred grounds. We love to breathe the airs that prevail over them. We gaze intently on yonder eminence, where towered the liberty-pole seventy-five years ago this morning. We rejoice to look up and down this old road from Concord to Lexington; along the lines of which, on that great day, there magically appeared to the Regulars as many foemen as ever sprung into view at the sound of the whistle of Rhoderic Dhu. We thank you for leading us to the locality of the old North Bridge, where the first men fell. We thank you for enabling us to see so vividly the situation of your fathers on that morning. The roll of the drum, the rattle of musketry in the hands of your citizen-soldiery, on the very spot where Buttrick led his men to the first attack, almost produced the day we commemorate. Seventy-five years of history faded away. I stood in the light of the old 19th of April, with the proud invaders before me. Pardon me, sir, but my blood leaped in my veins, under the momentary illusion of being one to open our Revolution.

We are here, sir, from all parts of the State,—most of us for the first time,—visiting this, one of our earliest revolutionary battle-grounds. With what pride, with what unspeakable satisfaction, Massachusetts cherishes its name, the world well knows, and we desire to testify here to-day. What son of hers here does not feel the power of the occasion? Borne away by emotions not to be repressed, we can scarcely do more than felicitate you, our fellow-countrymen, on your good fortune. Happy men! You have in your veins the blood, and in your keeping the graves, of the first martyrs to the great cause. Their glorious slumbers bless this quiet vale. But that cause poured its tide of blessings over a wider field than Concord,—on other heads than those of their children. In the full and abounding fruition of those blessings, we appear here, to-day, to join you in paying homage to the spot and the memory of those whose deaths hal-

low it. The same filial piety that leads you to observe the day, brings us here to join you. Indeed, sir, you can hardly appropriate the glorious lineage exclusively to yourselves. Opportunity did not serve our ancestors all alike. But your fathers did not raise the battle-shout on that morning in firmer or fiercer tones, than it was echoed back from the hearts of our fathers, resident in other and more distant parts of the State. All hearts leaped alike to the field, though all hands did not close with the foe in the fight. Sir, these fields of Concord and Lexington expand, as I am contemplating them, to the full dimensions of Massachusetts. The hearts of all her sons, seventy-five years ago, beat responsive to those in Concord. And so, I must be allowed to believe, does the chord that you strike here to-day, vibrate throughout the same wide limits. Whether we live on that Cape that stretches her mighty arm so far into the sea, or within the charmed circle of Faneuil Hall's influence, or whether we live in the great Central County, or in the velvet vale of the Queen of New England Waters, or breathe the air of my own dear mountain land: however distant our abodes, we would this day bow with you around this early altar of our country's freedom, with equal gratitude to those who consecrated it, and to God, who so abundantly blessed their cause.

Sir, we broke from pressing official duties to come here on no idle errand. We shall read but poorly, however, the lesson that Massachusetts teaches on an occasion like this, if we go away without an enlivened sense of our duties to our common country and to humanity. The great volume of history, sir, does not present an instance of more noble services in behalf of other states, than that of Massachusetts affords. The fight we celebrate was not begun for Concord, but the country. It was but a few short months after the event, before the last foot of the invaders left our State forever. But did Massachusetts halt on her borders, when she found her own soil free? No, sir. For seven long years, wherever the front of battle lowered darkest, there was she found in numbers and in spirit in the foremost ranks of the revolutionary army. Around the Green Mountain Lakes, on the banks of the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Susquehanna,—on the plains of Virginia, or the savannas of the South,—on whatever part of our country the power of England

descended, there she bared her breast to the shock. When the country found itself incapable of exertion, almost incapable of defence, under the old confederation of independent states, she waived her state pride, and contributed the wisdom of her Kings, her Gerrys, her Gorhams, and Strong's, to the establishment of the present political fabric—the wonder of the world. Under that Union she has exhibited the same patriotism with which she led the states through the weary way of the Revolution.

When the General Government felt it to be its duty to drive her myriad of sails from the ocean, to turn her wharves into green mounds, and her ports into stagnant pools, she complained, to be sure, but she did not traitorously rebel. She turned her cunning hand to the Mechanic Arts. Her heart soon revived. Her countenance was again radiant with the smile of prosperity. And when dissatisfaction, jealousy and distrust unhappily seized upon a portion of the country—when one of the sister states that had shared with us in the transcendent glories of revolutionary sacrifice and service,—that had actually rivalled us in patriotic care and solicitude for the Union in its tender years,—when this state made her wild attack on our venerated Constitution, she found Massachusetts in front of its citadel. With her heart throbbing again with the old revolutionary pulsations, and with a tongue, entirely worthy of her, and of which she was entirely worthy, endowed though it was with immortal, *immortal*, speech, she called upon her old revolutionary associates, and their younger sisters, and led them on to repel the attack. The cohorts of disunion fled the field in dismay. What though some undutiful son of her own,—what though the sons of younger states, that have been cradled and reared beneath the protection her blood and treasure did so much to establish,—may accuse her of a local, a selfish and provincial patriotism! This, and other, her revolutionary fields shall bear eternal record against the lying accusation. Under a Union that she passionately loves, under a Constitution that she absolutely venerates, she will cherish the spirit in which that Union was founded, and discharge promptly all the duties exacted by the compromises that gave birth to the Constitution. In the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, it was impossible to establish that Union, without her holding a certain constitutional relation to an institution against which her moral nature rebels. Whatever duties

spring from that relation she will discharge. If any man shall ask—if any man shall tempt her to do more—if, under alarm created by sectional or party devices, she be tempted the breadth of a hair beyond the line of her constitutional duty, she will, in her moments of reflection, feel degraded by an insult, and her spirit will recover its level, whatsoever sacrifice it may cost her. May God bring us out of this perilous hour, with our garments clean, with a sense of duty done, and with our confidence in one another restored to its wonted firmness! The Massachusetts lesson for the hour is, that we should make all honorable sacrifices for the good of the country and the Union, and that, under that Union, we should perform all our duties with the spirit of free-men. If this lesson reach our hearts, we shall not have come here in vain.

Mr. Kellogg closed his speech by proposing as a toast:

"Massachusetts and the Country—Massachusetts performed her duty in the Revolution, and in the establishment of our National Government; she has hitherto performed her duty under the Union, and God and her patriotism will enable her hereafter to perform her whole duty to, and under, that Union."

The next regular toast was read by Hon. JOHN S. KEYES, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements:

10. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—From the earliest period of our history as a Commonwealth, they have fostered the true military spirit which blazed forth on the 19th of April, 1775, and still burns brightly in their hearts.

To this, Col. ANDREWS, the commander of the company, made the following reply :

Mr. PRESIDENT,—I am aware, by the rules of courtesy, a reply to the sentiment just uttered is expected from some one,—and I was not without hopes that my gallant friend, in virtue of his position as Chairman of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives, and first Lieutenant of the Ancients, would have felt it incumbent upon him to have responded. Consulting my own individual wishes, I certainly should remain silent in presence of so many distinguished speakers, but the position which I hold, as commander of the corps alluded to, seems to enforce upon me the duty of acknowledging the compliment expressed in the sentiment, and also to acknowledge, through you, the honor your Committee of Arrangements have conferred upon the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in selecting

them for the performance of the duty assigned them this day. In their behalf you will allow me to say, that the honor is highly appreciated, and the courtesies extended to them upon this occasion cannot but be remembered with gratitude. Nor, Mr. President, can any one who reflects upon and is conversant with the history of this company deem the selection an inappropriate one, for, to this ancient corps, and the military spirit fostered by it throughout the days of the colony, may undoubtedly be traced much of the martial spirit of Massachusetts in its earlier history, through the Indian and French wars, and down to the events of the Revolution. It is a significant fact, going to show the materials composing the company; that during the whole of our revolutionary war the company ceased to have their regular parades, in consequence of so many of their members being engaged in more active duties for the defence of their country; and their records say, "that they had the honor of leading in the military duties of the day—the insurrection under Shays." I am glad that the military have been recognized, and their patriotic services been acknowledged, upon this occasion. It is indeed refreshing in *these* days to have them honorably noticed, for it has been too much the custom of late, to cover the citizen-soldier with detraction and abuse, to hold him up to ridicule, and to assail the militia system as the embodiment of all that is evil. May we not hope that a better day is coming, a day when justice will be done to that necessary part of a republican system? Sir, I do not intend to speak of the system, or undertake a defence of those who deem it their duty to unite to give efficiency to it, but will merely remark, that, for one, in the present state of society and the world, I believe in the necessity of an armed force, of a power behind the law to enforce the law. We arm for peace *within* our borders as well as to repel aggressions from without, and our whole history as a nation has shown that the volunteer force has proved a safe reliance. There is, I know, sir, a strong *peace* feeling in the land, and I for one say, God speed the "good time coming;" but the good time has not *yet* come, and the only *practical* question for the present age is, what shall be done in the interim?

Mr. President, I am glad to see so many of the honorable members of the Legislature here this day. I trust they, in com-

mon with us all, will be reminded of the services of the citizen-soldier in the days that are *past*, for the past is at least secure. Let them and others do justice to the militia, sustain it liberally, if they think it worth sustaining at all, treat its members with respect, and, my word for it, they will find them able and ready to do their *whole* duty should any emergency arise.

Sir,—the day we have assembled to commemorate is one of the immortal days of our country, destined to live in remembrance, whilst an American heart throbs in an American bosom. Let it *never* be forgotten, that the blow here struck for Liberty was given by citizen-soldiers,—by the lion-hearted yeomanry of the country in defence of their rights. It is a glorious, sublime thought that its echoes are not yet stilled, but are even now coming back to us from the shores of the Pacific ; and the names of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, are still fresh in the remembrance of our *whole* country, on the lips of twenty millions of freemen.

As a native of old Essex, I must confess to a feeling of exultation and patriotic pride, that among the host of freemen who rallied at the call of their country seventy-five years ago this day, so many of *her* sons were participators in its glory. As I looked upon yonder monument and thought of the scenes and events of that day, I could not help saying with the poet :

“ Oh glorious day ! that saw the array
 Of Freemen in their might,
When here they stood, unused to blood,
 Yet dared th’ unequal fight ;”

and to rejoice with him

“ That the sons have met to own the debt
 Due to their father’s fame.”

But, Mr. President, the lateness of the hour admonishes me to bring these desultory remarks to a close, and I will only detain you to offer the following sentiment :

The 19th of April, 1775—It taught the world the might and power of the Citizen-Soldier, when armed in defence of the rights of his country.

The President then said :

The next toast is one to which no particular person will reply, but I know what a reception it will meet from this assembly.

In the salutes fired to-day, there were *thirty-one* guns; on the flag which waves over your heads, there are *thirty-one* stars; and I call upon you all to unite in doing honor to the toast, which I give you from my whole heart:

11. California—The youngest sister of our family of States;—the Queen of the Pacific, with jewels of Gold upon her robe and the jewel of *Freedom* on her brow,—the voice of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, unheard in the national councils, here gives her a joyful welcome.

A shout arose from the whole audience, expressive of their heartfelt sympathy and concurrence.

After the cheers had subsided,—

Hon. J. S. KEYES read the following letter, received an hour before by telegraph, from the Hon. GEORGE W. WRIGHT, the first Representative elect from California to Congress, and who was born in sight of the Old North Bridge :

[By Telegraph.]

WASHINGTON, April 19, 9.25 A. M.

Hon. JOHN S. KEYES, Concord, Mass. :

My DEAR SIR:—I have this moment received your favor, in which I am honored with an invitation to be present at the Grand Union Celebration of the events of April 19, 1775. There are fifty reasons why I cannot be with you: the first, that no human power can dart me along in season for the occasion. The other forty-nine I will not enumerate. Could I reach you by the same agency which is to carry this reply, I would forthwith mount some trusty thunderbolt and lay my course for the sacred battle-field of human liberty: for nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure, than to join the citizens of my native town and country in a celebration designed to commemorate the glorious old Nineteenth, which you have been pleased to designate as the birth-day of American Liberty; and why may we not claim it the birth-day of universal liberty? The first appeal ever made to the American people in favor of independence, was published at Philadelphia, some six months subsequent to the events of the 19th. That appeal would never have been countenanced and sustained, but for thrilling and soul-stirring allusions, made to the bloody conflict of the 19th. It was the watchword of a seven years' war. Our republican

government has ever since been the watchword, the beacon-light, which has guided the patriots of every nation, and led them on to victory.

Thanking you most sincerely for the very kind manner in which you have alluded to the fact of my having been born within sight of the old battle-field; presenting my profoundest respects to the old patriots who have been spared to you; with my kindest regards to each and all your guests, I will conclude with an humble but heartfelt offering:

The Descendants of the Immortal Patriots of the 19th—May they mingle their blood with the sacred dust of Davis and Hosmer, sooner than be found in the ranks of the enemy of human liberty.

GEORGE W. WRIGHT.

The twelfth regular toast was then announced:

12. The Orator of the Day—He has followed the example of his townsmen of Beverly, in 1775, by doing his full part toward making the 19th of April famous.

And the thirteenth and last:

13. “The Women of the Revolution.”

Several volunteer toasts were then given, among them one by Hon. Leonard M. Parker, of Shirley, one by Dr. Amariah Preston, a revolutionary soldier, in his 93d year;—and the following, by Captain Josiah Sturgis, of the Revenue Service, to whom the committee were indebted for the “Pine Tree Flags,” used on the occasion :

“The Union Celebration of this day—It is to commemorate the first event which led to the union of the Colonies. May it be hailed from Maine to California, as a return to the glorious principles which will ever bind together the Union of all the States.”

The following were the replies received from gentlemen who had been invited to attend the “Union Celebration,” and who were unable to be present:

WASHINGTON, April 15th, 1850.

Hon. JOHN S. KEYES, Chairman, &c. &c.:

MY DEAR SIR,—I deeply regret that my public engagements will not allow me to be present at the celebration of the 19th inst.

It would afford me the highest gratification to unite with the citizens of the towns which took part in the events of the 19th

of April, 1775, in doing honor to an occasion so truly memorable in American history.

I hail the omen which presents itself to me in the terms of your invitation. It is to be "a UNION celebration in CONCORD."

Permit me to place at your disposal a sentiment for the occasion, suggested by this language;—and believe me, my dear sir, with best respects to all to whom I am indebted for so kind an attention,

Very faithfully,

Your obliged friend and servant,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

The Blood of the 19th of April, 1775—*The first blood* of the American Revolution—May it prove to be, also, *the last blood* which shall ever have been shed in any revolutionary struggle, upon the same soil; and may UNION and CONCORD be the perpetual watchwords of Middlesex, of Massachusetts, and of our whole country.

WASHINGTON, April 15th, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I much regret that my engagements in this city will deprive me of the pleasure of attending the very interesting celebration of the events of the 19th of April, the marked day in the calendar of freedom. Within the limits of the town of Concord was affixed to the deed of separation from the British empire, the seal of blood, without which no charter of national liberty has been considered of full force and ratified solemnity.

As long as granite monuments shall endure, so long shall the noble daring and heroic sacrifices of the martyrs of Concord, Lexington and Danvers, and the neighbor towns, be held in precious remembrance; as long as liberty and patriotism shall have an abiding place in the minds of men, so long shall the valor and devotion of the noble actors in the great drama of the American Revolution be honored and cherished.

By the venerable men who have survived the "Concord Fight," and the sword of the general destroyer, you have been led to the very spot of the martyrdom of their compatriots. It is natural and proper that, on this sacred altar, rites of commemoration should be performed and grateful incense be offered.

May the happiest results follow every attempt to honor and to imitate the wisdom and the valor of the fathers of the republic; may the sons, in all coming generations, prove themselves worthy of so noble an ancestry.

With many thanks to the Committee, for their kind invitation, I am,

Very respectfully,

Your o'bt servant,

DANIEL P. KING.

To the Hon. John S. Keyes,

Chairman Committee of Arrangements, &c.

The people of Concord and the other towns of Massachusetts, made near of kin by blood mingled on many battle-fields of the Revolution, while gratefully counting the sacrifice and the cost, they will never sordidly calculate the value of Liberty and the Union, but will soberly enjoy, manfully maintain, and faithfully transmit their glorious heritage.

NORTHAMPTON, April 15, 1850.

Hon. JOHN S. KEYES:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me, through you, to tender my thanks to the Committee of Arrangements, for an invitation to attend the proposed celebration at Concord, on the 19th inst. Nothing but the urgency of official engagements would induce me to decline the pleasure of uniting with you on this interesting occasion.

I rejoice at the patriotic interest manifested by the Sons of Concord and Lexington, in thus cherishing the memory of the glorious deeds achieved by their fathers, in this, the first of the series of those conflicts that led to the establishment of our National Independence. No better assurance can be given to their country, that should a resort to arms ever again become necessary, these sons would be the first to emulate their fathers, in all that is noble, generous and brave.

With much respect,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES A. DEWEY.

JOHN S. KEYES, Esq.

SIR,—I am highly honored by the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements to attend the celebration of the next anniversary of the 19th of April, 1775, but circumstances connected with my period of life, state of health, and locality of residence, compel me to decline the proffered honor.

Be assured, sir, that I rejoice in the spirit and feeling, and that it is with great reluctance that I am precluded from participating in the pleasure of that celebration.

With great respect,

I am your and their obliged servant,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

BOSTON, 15th April, 1850.

You will have toasts enough on the occasion, and I hope it will not be regarded as “sending coals to Newcastle,” if I offer a sentiment, which may be used or withheld at the discretion of the Committee:

The Blood shed on the fields of Concord and Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775—May it forever constitute a cement of indissoluble peace and amity among the people, states and territories of our glorious Union.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had hoped to have returned home in season to have been present at the interesting celebration of the anniversary of the 19th of April, '75, your invitation to which reached me before I left. But I find my absence is likely to be protracted to a period which must compel me to forego the great pleasure I had promised myself on that occasion.

If it had been my good fortune to be present with you, I should have been tempted to offer the following sentiment:—

The County of Middlesex—It is her high distinction, that, within her limits, she includes at once those Monuments which are the proudest memorials of the Past, and those Halls of Learning which furnish the best pledges for the Future.

I am, dear sir,

Truly and respectfully yours,

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

Hon. JOHN S. KEYES, Chairman, &c. &c. &c.

The town of Danvers sent a committee of thirteen to attend the celebration, with the following missive :

To the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration at Concord, in commemoration of the 19th of April, 1775 :

GENTLEMEN,—Your kind invitation to the citizens of Danvers to be present on this occasion has awakened in their breasts a recollection of the spirit that animated their fathers on the morning of that day, when, at the first signal of alarm, more than one hundred started to the rescue. The story of their adventure is too well known to be repeated. No one now remains to confirm it. Only a few months since, at the good old age of ninety-three, the last of their number was called away. Could those brave Captains, *Hutchinson, Page, Flint, Eppes, and Foster*, who were then on hand in the front ranks of their compatriots, have been permitted to behold the scenes of the present moment, a glow of purest patriotism would have enlivened their countenances. Instead of the fathers, come the sons, *thirteen* of whom have been delegated by the town to mingle their sympathies with yours, in the recollections of the occasion. Fellow-citizens of Concord, we congratulate you on your efforts to keep alive that spark of liberty, *first kindled on your own altars*, and crimsoned by *the blood of your own sires*. At a time when the despots of Europe are straining the cords of bondage to the extreme, and the lamentations of the down-trodden and oppressed are wafted across the ocean in every breeze, it is refreshing to hear the notes of freedom from scenes of Revolutionary memory. Let the sound be echoed from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—from the poles to the equator,—until not a rood of land shall remain on this western hemisphere, where servitude or tyranny can find a resting place. The sons of Massachusetts “*scorn to be slaves.*” The admonitions of *Warren* pervade their inmost souls. Freedom is the universal birthright of man,—whoso thinketh otherwise is unworthy of its inheritance. How changed the scene since the ardent sons of Danvers stationed themselves *by the road side* in Cambridge, the more effectually to salute the enemy on their return! The orders of their commander were, “*take good aim;*” and if tradition is to be credited, here it was, that blood flowed most freely, on that eventful day. Time will not admit of allu-

sion to the many incidents that crowd upon the memory. May the zeal for liberty then manifested be held in perpetual remembrance.

With the highest respect, we have the honor to be,
Your obedient servants,

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
MOSES BLACK,
RICHARD OSBORN,
R. S. DANIELS,
HENRY COOK,
FITCH POOLE,
GEORGE OSBORNE,
EBEN SUTTON,
LEWIS ALLEN.

DANVERS, April 16, 1850.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. HOAR,—

I greatly applaud the purpose of Concord to celebrate the deeds of a day which made conciliation impossible and independence certain. But I have purposely declined making addresses in public, because I wish, by the exclusive devotion of my time, as soon as possible to complete, as far as I can, a little memorial of the events which made the day world-renowned. For this reason I shall not be able to join in your celebration; but you have my whole heart; and cannot do more honor to the occasion than it deserves; nor can you exaggerate its importance. The British minister of that day held the day decisive; and the late Archbishop of York told me, many from that hour predicted the success of the American arms in the struggle for self-existence.

I am, dear sir,
Very truly your friend,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1850.

JNO. S. KEYES, Esq., Chairman Committee of Arrangements:

SIR,—I have duly received your letter of March 28, inviting me, in behalf of the citizens of Concord and Lexington, to attend

a celebration of the battle, which has rendered those places so memorable.

It would afford me great satisfaction to mingle with the people whom you represent, on the interesting occasion of celebrating the anniversary of the conflicts which opened the Revolutionary war, but public duties, rendering my presence indispensable at the seat of Government, will deprive me of that pleasure.

Please convey to the citizens of Concord and Lexington my unfeigned thanks for the honor of their invitation.

I am sir, with high respect,

Your most obt. servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21st, 1850.

C. W. GOODNOW, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received your favor of the 19th inst., inviting me to meet your citizens on the Seventy-Fifth anniversary of the 19th of April, '75. I thank you for the honor of being remembered in connection with such an occasion. No theme would warm my blood, or quicken it, more readily than that of the "Battle of Concord," and the events that grew from it. But, my dear sir, I am at another "Battle of Concord," standing here in the ranks, prepared for my duty, and meaning to remain at my post, until danger disappears. One of the old militia who stood at the head of your bridge, might as well have promised beforehand, that he would leave his ranks, at some given hour on that day, as I promise to leave mine. I hope, sometime in the spring, that matters may wear such an aspect here, that I may be able to obtain a furlough of a few days, to visit my family. Should I be able to do so at the time you mention, I shall be most happy to be a spectator of your services. But the cause of Freedom outweighs family and home; and I shall never knowingly put that in peril.

Be pleased to accept, in behalf of yourself and your committee, the assurances of my regard.

HORACE MANN.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1850.

To the Hon. J. S. KEYES, Concord.

DEAR SIR,—I have your circular of the 28th ult. and should be gratified to unite in commemorating an event which gives to those brave men who dared to strike for liberty, come what might, an imperishable fame. Few in numbers, and unprepared as they were to meet a veteran army, yet their hearts were filled with courage to resist aggression, and to become, if need be, martyrs in the great cause of political freedom. It is a duty which we owe to these patriots to commemorate their bravery and their virtues; but my engagements will not permit me to leave here.

With great respect,

I am, dear sir, your and the Committee's obt. svt.

J. DAVIS.

WORCESTER, April 17, 1850.

Hon. J. S. KEYES, Esq., Chairman, &c.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that engagements in the S. J. Court, now in session here, will render it impossible for me to accept the invitation kindly tendered to me by the Committee to be present on the 19th instant at Concord.

It would have given me great pleasure to visit a spot so interesting as that consecrated by the scenes of the 19th April, 1775, under the circumstances which well distinguish the return of that anniversary the present year.

Almost every nation has its shrines to which the Pilgrim loves to resort to register new vows or renew resolutions already formed there. It was not merely to worship, that the Hebrew went up to the Holy City to celebrate the great feasts of his nation, but to cherish, through the common sympathy of the assembled thousands on those occasions, his love of country and a generous national pride.

We have no saintly shrines nor gorgeous national temples to draw men together, nor do we need them so long as Concord and Lexington remain, and the sons of the men who fought there

may come up thither as they have now done, to revive the patriotic associations which these spots can never fail to awaken.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your obt. servant,

EMORY WASHBURN.

WORCESTER, April 16, 1850.

My DEAR SIR,—I had the honor to receive, a few days since, your note, in behalf of a Committee, inviting me to attend “the Union Celebration of the anniversary of the events of the 19th April, 1775,”—and until to-day, I have anticipated, with the truest gratification, the opportunity of participating, with my respected fellow-citizens, in this most interesting commemoration. A severe and oppressive cold, with some consequent irritation of the lungs, now admonish me of the imprudence of exposure to the sudden changes of weather, in this remarkable season, and the fatigue incident to attendance upon a public festival; and I fear, there remains to me but the satisfaction of expressing my grateful acknowledgments for the kind remembrance of the Committee, in the invitation by which I am so greatly honored,—with the assurance, that, *if not personally present*, my best sentiments, and my warmest sympathies, will mingle with all the patriotic observances and enjoyments of the occasion.

With the highest and truest consideration for the Committee, and for yourself, personally, I have the honor to be, their and your faithfully obedient and obliged servant,

LEVI LINCOLN.

JOHN S. KEYES, Esq., Chairman of Com., &c.

DANVERS, May 1, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—From the best information at command, I estimate the whole number of men who left Danvers, for the scene of action on the 19th of April, 1775, to have been one hundred and fifty. About half of these were the *minute-men*, under the command of Hutchinson and Foster. The remainder belonged to the three companies of militia, commanded by Eppes, Page and

Flint. The entire rolls of these companies will be found in Hanson's History of Danvers, pages 108-9. Of those killed, four belonged to Foster's command—being one-eighth part of the whole number—two to Page's company, and one to Eppes' company. Foster, with those under his command, took his position by the road-side, in a barnyard at West Cambridge. Here they met the enemy in close combat. After that, I have been informed by Foster himself, that he discharged his musket eleven times at the enemy, loaded with two balls at each time, with well directed aim. Nathaniel Cleaves, of Beverly, while standing and loading by his side, had his finger cut off and ram-rod shot away. This shows that the men from Danvers were not particular to keep at a prudent distance from the enemy.

At their request, permission had been granted by Col. Pickering, in the morning, to proceed in advance of the regiment. They marched sixteen miles in four hours. This was a rapidity of movement rarely equalled. Inexperienced as they were, it is not surprising that they found themselves in a hazardous position. But it is surprising, when we reflect that they encountered *one thousand* disciplined troops, that so many of them should have returned. I remember to have heard from Col. Pickering himself, a minute statement of the entire movements of the Salem regiment on that day. Captain Eppes and Foster had permission to go in advance of the regiment; this accounts for the position they occupied. Col. P. told me the regulars were passing over Winter Hill, when he came in sight of them. He had not one fourth as many troops as they had, and therefore he did not approach them. If the Danvers troops had had his good judgment, they probably would not have fallen into the snare they did. Much reproach fell upon him at the time, for not going ahead. His memory should be vindicated from all such reproach.

Very truly yours,

J. W. PROCTOR.

Hon. E. R. HOAR.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

April 20, 1850.

Ordered, that the thanks of the General Court be tendered to the inhabitants of Concord and the adjoining towns, for the courteous and cordial hospitality with which they were received and entertained on the occasion of their visit to Concord on the 19th instant.

Sent up for concurrence.

CHAS. W. STOREY, *Clerk.*

IN SENATE, April 22d, 1850.

Concurred.

CHAS. CALHOUN, *Clerk.*

A true copy—Attest,

CHAS. CALHOUN,

Clerk of the Senate.

A P P E N D I X .

The Concord Fight.—Affidavit of the Last Survivor.

The affidavit of AMOS BAKER, of Lincoln, given April 22d, 1850; he being the sole survivor of the men who were present at the North Bridge, at Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, and the only man living who bore arms that day.

He was present at the celebration at Concord, April 19th, 1850, aged 94 years and 11 days:—

I, Amos Baker, of Lincoln, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say:

That I was ninety-four years old on the 8th day of April, 1850. I was at Concord Fight, on the 19th day of April, 1775, and was then nineteen years and eleven days old. My brother Nathaniel, who was then paying his addresses to the girl whom he afterwards married, was at the house where she was staying near the line between Lexington and Lincoln, and received the alarm there, from Dr. Samuel Prescott, and came over and gave it to me. My father and my four brothers, Jacob, Nathaniel, James and Samuel, and my brother-in-law, Daniel Hosmer, were in arms at the North Bridge. After the fight at the bridge, I saw nothing more of them, and did not know whether they were alive or dead, until I found two of my brothers engaged in the pursuit near Lexington meeting-house. Nathaniel followed the enemy to Charlestown.

When I went to Concord in the morning, I joined the Lincoln company at the brook, by Flint's pond, near the house then of Zachary Smith, and now of Jonas Smith. I loaded my gun there with two balls, ounce balls, and powder accordingly.

I saw the British troops coming up the road that leads on to

the common at Concord; the sun shone very bright on their bayonets and guns.

Abijah Pierce, of Lincoln, the colonel of the minute-men, went up, armed with nothing but a cane.

When we were going to march down to the Bridge, it was mentioned between Major Buttrick and Captain Isaac Davis, that the minute-men had better be put in front, because they were the only men that had bayonets, and it was not certain whether the British would fire, or whether they would charge bayonets without firing. I do not remember which of them said it, but both agreed to it; and Captain Davis's company of minute-men was then brought up on the right. Then they saw the smoke of the town-house, and I think Major Buttrick said, "Will you stand here and see them burn the town down?" And the order was given to march, and we all marched down without any further order or arrangement.

The British had got up two of the planks to the bridge. It is a mercy that they fired on us at the bridge, for we were going to march into the town, and the British could load and fire three times to our once, because we had only powder-horns, and no cartridge-boxes, and it would have been presumptuous. I understood that Colonel Abijah Pierce got the gun of one of the British soldiers who was killed at the bridge, and armed himself with it. There were two British soldiers killed at the bridge. I saw them when I went over the bridge, lying close together, side by side, dead.

Joshua Brooks, of Lincoln, was at the bridge, and was struck with a ball that cut through his hat, and drew blood on his forehead, and it looked as if it was cut with a knife—and we concluded they were firing jackknives.

When we had fired at the bridge, and killed the British, Noah Parkhurst, of Lincoln, who was my right-hand man, said—"Now the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end." Before the fighting begun, when we were on the hill, James Nichols, of Lincoln, who was an Englishman, and a droll fellow, and a fine singer, said, "If any of you will hold my gun, I will go down and talk to them." Some of them held his gun, and he went down alone to the British soldiers at the bridge and talked to them sometime. Then he came back and took his gun

and said he was going home, and went off before the fighting. Afterwards he enlisted to go to Dorchester and there deserted to the British, and I never heard of him again. I believe I was the only man from Lincoln that had a bayonet. My father got it in the time of the French war. I went into the house where Davis and Hosmer were carried after they fell, and saw their bodies. I supposed the house to be Major Buttrick's. When we marched down to the bridge, Major Buttrick marched first, and Captain Davis next to him. I did not see Colonel Robinson to know him.

I verily believe that I felt better that day, take it all the day through, than if I had staid at home.

AMOS BAKER. (*Seal.*)

We saw Amos Baker sign the above, after it was read to him.

E. R. HOAR,

JOSIAH BARTLETT,

JAS. BAKER.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. Lincoln, April 22d, 1850.

Personally appeared Amos Baker, the within-named deponent, known to me to be a man of good character and in the full possession of his mind and memory, and made the foregoing statement, which was reduced to writing by me in his presence, and it was afterwards carefully read to him, and he then subscribed it and made oath that the same is true.

Before me,

E. R. HOAR,

Justice of the Peace and Justice of the C. C. P.

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